



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*The child's first step to
English history*

Anne Rodwell

44. 879.





THE
CHILD'S FIRST STEP
TO

English History.

BY
ANNE RODWELL,
AUTHRESS OF "THE JUVENILE PIANIST"

London :
HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.







THE
CHILD'S FIRST STEP
TO

English History.

BY
ANNE RODWELL,
AUTHORESS OF "THE JUVENILE PIANIST"

London :
HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.



LONDON :
JOSEPH RICKERBY, PRINTER,
SHERBOURN LANE.



TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS ROYAL,
This little Volume,
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
QUEEN VICTORIA,

IS,

WITH EVERY FEELING OF LOYALTY, MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED, BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

EVER DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

ANNE RODWELL.





Preface.

IN sending forth my little Volume, for a share of public approbation, I deem it necessary to state the reasons that have induced me to write upon a subject which has been so fully and so ably treated of, and in so great a variety of forms, by very many writers.

All who have any knowledge of the very young, will readily admit that intelligent children evince, at a very early age, a desire to learn, and hear of things that are true; and will listen with interest and pleasure to the historical readings of elder brothers and sisters, and often regret that the long words form an insuperable bar to their reading from the same books.

The knowledge of this fact (from careful observation) has led me to compile the HISTORY OF ENGLAND in as short words, and in as pleasing a manner as possible, in order to make sense, and connect some of the most striking events of each king's reign; and thus to give my little friends, of tender age, an opportunity of reading the History of their own country, in words and language suited to their juvenile ideas and capacities.

I do not feel it necessary to apologize for the imperfections of my little work, since it is written with no other view than to please and instruct the infant mind, by relating some of the facts of each king's reign, and thus give an insight into English History. In short, the design of my little work is to make it a first useful reading for the juvenile school-room.

And, as we are well aware that first impressions are generally the most lasting, and that the tales learned in the nursery frequently remain fixed upon our minds through life, I have selected English History for my subject, and

have reduced it to its present simple form ; for I know of no subject that can, or ought to be more interesting, and more necessary, than the knowledge of the History of our own Country ; and I shall be well pleased if any of the selections I have made of each king's reign, find a place in the memory of my very juvenile readers, so that when they are old enough, and are sufficiently advanced to read larger and more complete works, they may not be entire strangers to some of the most important events of our history.

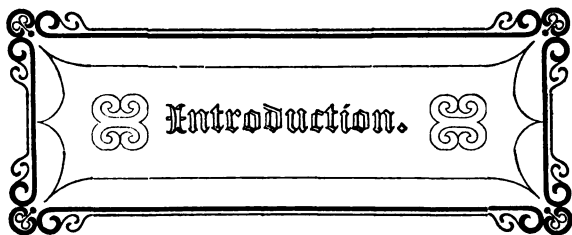
66, GREAT PORTLAND STREET,
January 15, 1844.





FIRST STEP TO

English History.



JANE.

Dear mamma, I want a new book so very much, will you buy me one with true tales in it? for nurse tells me all the books I have are full of tales which are not true.

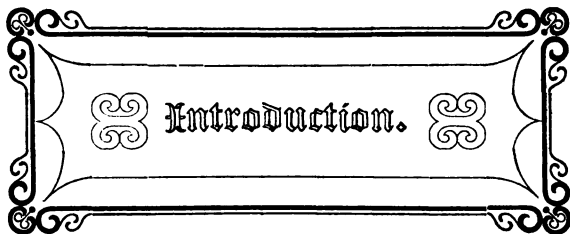
MAMMA

to have in your

ERRATA.

Page 217, 8 lines from bottom, for "eldest son" read second son.
" " 6 " " " — "22nd" — 21st.

ook
all



JANE.

Dear mamma, I want a new book so very much, will you buy me one with true tales in it? for nurse tells me all the books I have are full of tales which are not true.

MAMMA.

What kind of tales would you like to have in your new book, my dear?

JANE.

Why, mamma, I think I should like to have a book full of tales of kings and queens, for then I shall know as much as Mary.

MAMMA.

I am not quite so sure of that ; but I am glad to find you have a wish to know as much, so I will help you if I can. What do you say, shall I try and write you a book of true tales ?

JANE.

Oh ! do, dear mamma, if you please. I shall love you, I think, more than I do now. It will be so nice to have a book of my own, with all the tales in it true ones.

MAMMA.

Well, give me a kiss, and I will see what I can do for you. Now you may go to nurse, and tell her mamma is going to write you a book full of true tales ; and I am sure that will give her joy, for she likes to see her good child have all things that please her.

JANE.

But, dear mamma, do let there be some dates in

my new book. I hear Mary talk so much about dates, and though I do not the least know what they mean, I think I should like to have some in my book.

MAMMA.

As I mean to let there be a few dates in your book, I think it will be as well to try and teach you of what use they are. Dates, my dear, are marks of time: we know when all things take place by time, which we mark by dates.

JANE.

Then that is why you know the time when I first came, mamma?

MAMMA.

Yes, my dear. You know that you were four years old last week, on the 4th of June; but if I had not made a mark of the date four years ago, when I first saw you, I should not now have known that you are four years old; but I was glad to see

you, so I thought I would keep in mind that day, and by that means I can tell how old you are.

JANE.

Now I quite know what dates mean, so pray, dear mamma, put some in my new book.

MAMMA.

As the tales will all be true ones, I will be sure and mark the time when each king or queen came to the throne by the date ; but you must try and keep them in your mind, or else they will be of no use.

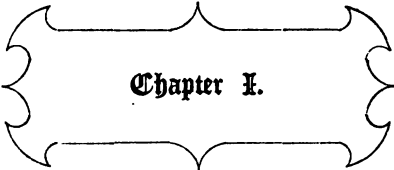
JANE.

That is just what I want to do, mamma ; for then I can help Mary, when she does not know hers.





THE ANCIENT BRITONS.



Chapter I.

THERE was a time when England was not the least like what it now is ; the men were so rough and rude in their ways that they wore no clothes but the skins of beasts, and they put blue paint on their arms and legs, which I dare say they thought made them look very smart. As for a house there was not one, at least we should think the huts they lived in funny houses, still less should we give the name of a house to the holes that they dug in the earth to live in, the tops of which they used to close in with the leaves of trees ; their chief food was milk and the fruits of the earth, with what fish and fowl they could kill. I dare say they did not much know how to cook them, but their wants were few in those days. You, who say your prayers each night and morning, will think it odd that the poor Britons did not then know who the great and good God was ; but they had no books, and not one of them knew how to read

or write. They were indeed a sad rude and wild set of men; and you will think there was not much to tempt any one to come and live in such a place as Britain then was; but a very brave man from Rome, whose name was Julius Cæsar, came, fifty years before Christ was born, and made it his home. The Britons did not like this at first, but the Romans knew so much, and taught them so many nice plans, that they were in great grief when they left them, in the year 420. The Britons found they got on so badly when the Romans were gone, that they sent to ask them to come back again; but as they could not they asked some men, called Saxons, to come and stay with them; though they did not mean that they should make it their home. One Saxon king came over and took a part of England to reign in, for the Romans had made it quite a nice place; and so the Saxons thought, for in time seven of their kings came, each of whom took a part, till they made the whole of England their own. So many kings could not get on at all in so small a place: they fought one with the other, till at last one very brave king made up his

mind to try and make the other six yield to him. It was a hard task for one man to fight against six ; but he was brave, and in time his plan did as well as he could wish, for in the year 800 he was sole King of England. I dare say you will like to know the name of the first King of England—it was EGBERT ; and I am glad to tell you he was a very good man. Some holy men had come over and taught the English who God was ; and though none but the priests could yet read or write, they were glad to hear of all the great and good things that God had done for them, as well as for all men who would love and fear him. If the Britons had had the chance, I feel sure they would have been glad to have been taught how to read ; but they had no time for anything but war. A new set of men, called Danes, came to take a peep at this small island, and tried, with all their might, to gain it. But this was no easy task, when so brave a king as Egbert fought at the head of his men, to keep what he had but just won. This the Danes soon found out, and they thought it would be their best plan to go back to Denmark. Egbert died in 838.



Chapter II.

“MAY I just ask you one thing, mamma?” said Jane, when she had heard her read thus far of her new book.

MAMMA.

Yes, my dear. What is it you want to know?

JANE.

Did the Saxon kings let the poor Britons live with them, for I do not think they were such kind men as the Romans were?

MAMMA.

You are right. Most of the Britons were slain by the cruel Saxons, and those who would not yield to them went to live in that part of the island which is called Wales. This they thought would be a safe

home for them, for the river Severn and the high Welsh hills were not very easy to get over.

JANE.

I am glad of that. I must have a map to see where Wales is; and will you show me where those cruel Saxons and rude Danes lived, dear mamma? I hope they did not come again.

MAMMA.

Yes they did, as you shall hear.

ETHELWOLF.

Ethelwolf, the son of Egbert, came to the crown on the death of his father, in 838. The Danes thought they would just try if this king would let them have any part of England; but they found he was as brave as his father, and so they were forced to go back once more. Ethelwolf had more than he could do to keep peace at home; for one of his sons, who would

not mind him as a child, grew up, as you may guess, a very bad man. You will think so, when I tell you he made war against his own father, and did all he could to turn him off the throne. The poor king was in great grief, for he was a kind man, and he did not like to fight with his son; so at last he thought it would be the best plan to let his son reign with him; but poor Ethelwolf was so much worn out with care and grief that he died two years after, in 858.

ETHELBALD, ETHELBERT, & ETHELRED.

Ethelbald was the name of Ethelwolf's bad son: he let his brother Ethelbert reign with him till he died, in 860. Ethelbert was then the only king—his was a short reign, but there was much harm done in it by the Danes, who took all they could, and, what is still worse, they set fire to the city of Winchester, which was burnt to the ground. Ethelbert died in 866, and his brother Ethelred came to the throne: he did all he could to get rid of the

rude Danes, but it was too hard a task for him, and in the midst of war with them he was slain in 872.



ALFRED IN THE WEATHER'S HUT.

ALFRED.

Now I am going to tell you of a very good king: he was the fourth son of Ethelwolf—his name was

Alfred, and I think you will say he was the best king you have yet heard of. When he first came to the throne the Danes did all they could to gain England, but Alfred was so wise and brave that by some means he made them all fear and mind him; but before he was able to do this he had much to suffer. At one time he was forced to hide himself till he had some chance of being able to beat them; and it was then that he was glad to stay in a poor man's house, whose wife was so rude to him as to tell him to mind her cakes, which she had put at the fire to bake. The king said he would; but he was so busy with the plans he had formed for getting rid of the Danes, that he thought no more of the cakes till the old woman came in. They were all burnt up, and she was in a great rage, and called Alfred all sorts of names. He did not mind it, for she did not know he was her king. Once too he was poor, and bread was then very dear. He was still living with his wife in a small place, to get out of the way of the Danes, when a poor man came to beg some bread. The king and queen had only one loaf left, but he gave the poor man half of it, for he said, "God will take

care of me, if I do what is right, and am kind to those who are as poor as I am." And so it was, for the



ALFRED RELIEVING THE POOR BEGGAR.

same night his men, who had been to seek food, brought home plenty of fish and fowl, and at the same time told the king good news of the Danes, who had been beaten by the king's army so many times that they now wished for peace. Alfred was in great joy at this—peace was soon made ; and now this good king did all he could for the English. He gave up all the time he could spare to his books, of which he was very fond, and taught others to like them too. He had England formed, as it now is, into small parts, which he called shires, or counties. In short, he did all that a good and great man could do, till his death, which took place in 901.

JANE.

You were right, dear mamma, when you said I should like Alfred the best of all the kings : he was a dear man—I quite love him.

MAMMA.

I am sure he would have been proud to have so small a child as you are think so well of him ; but he

was never sad in the midst of his worst griefs, for he did to all as he would wish to be done by; and he put his whole trust in God, who he knew would not grieve him if it were not for his good.

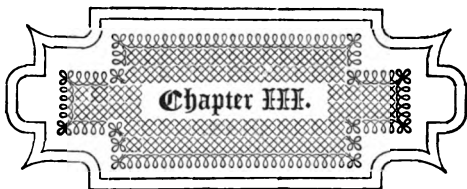
JANE.

It was a good thing that some one had taught the English to know the Bible; and I am glad that more than the priests could read it.

MAMMA.

You will hear very soon that the Bible was not written in the tongue that was spoken in Alfred's time, so that only a few of the most clever men could yet read it.





EDWARD THE ELDER.

WHEN Alfred died his son Edward, who, from being the first of that name, was called the Elder, came to the throne. He was as brave a man as his father. I will show you in your map that Scotland lies to the north of England, and they are parted from each other by a long ridge of hills. You know that our dear queen reigns over Great Britain, (in which are England, Scotland, and Wales,) and Ireland, as well as many other parts of the world, which you will hear of when you are older. But in the days of good King Alfred and his sons, the Scots had kings of their own, who, like the Danes, wished to gain England ;

but Edward soon taught them it would be quite as well for them to live on their own side of the hills ; for he was a brave man, and fought with all his might, so that the Scots were soon very glad to keep in peace with him, and go back to their own part of the island. Edward died in 925.

ATHELSTAN.

Athelstan was the next King of England. He was a good and a great prince. All who knew this king loved him very much, he was so good and kind to every one. Athelstan taught the English to trade with other parts of the world, and also to build their ships upon a much better plan than before his time. He died in 941.

EDMUND THE PIOUS.

After Athelstan, Edmund (his brother) came to the crown, he was called the Pious, for his great joy was to do what he thought would best please the great and good God. It was he who first had the Bible written in the Saxon tongue, so that all his men might be able to read or hear it as well as himself; for very few in those times knew how to read Latin, and the Bible was till then written only in that tongue. This king had a great task with some bad men who lived by theft, and when these men met with those who tried to keep what was their own, they would kill them. Edmund made laws to put a stop to this, which put Leolf, their chief, into a great rage. He came one day into the room where the king was, and with a short sword killed the good and pious Edmund in 948. He left two sons, but they were too young to reign, so their uncle Edred came to the crown in their stead.

EDRED.

Edred was not so good a king as his brother. The priests, who in those times were called monks, were much looked up to, since there were few other men who could read or write. Dunstan was a monk of great note in the reign of Edred, over whom he had so much power, that in fact he was more like a king than a good and pious priest. You will, I am sure, say this was very wrong of Dunstan, for had he done what was right he would have sought to obey his king, and not try to rule him. Edred died in 956.

EDWY.

Though yet very young, the first of Edmund's sons was thought fit to reign upon the death of his uncle Edred. The name of this young king was Edwy. I know your kind heart will grieve when you hear all he had to vex him. Dunstan, the bad

monk, was the chief cause of his grief, for he thought as Edwy was so young it would be a very easy task to rule him. In this he was wrong, for Edwy did not like the monks should have so much sway, and he thought the best plan would be to send Dunstan out of England. All the rest of the monks flew into a great rage at this, and took the part of their friend Dunstan against the king. They knew the king was very fond of his queen, whose name was Elgiva, and they took her from him, and burnt her face with a hot iron, in the hope that the king would not care about her when her beauty was gone. By some means she got back to the king, who loved her more than ever. As soon as the monks heard of it they went and took her away by force, and put her to death in the most cruel way they could think of. You, who will feel much grief at reading this sad tale, I am sure will think the poor king could ill bear it: he soon after died quite worn out; for the monks, when they had killed his queen, took the crown from him, and gave it to his brother Edgar, who was only a child of twelve years old. Edwy died in 959.

EDGAR.

The young king Edgar, though not a very good king, did one wise thing, which was, that he did not let the monks rule so much as they had done in the two last reigns. You will see in the map that Wales is on the west of England. It had at that time a prince of its own, who had to pay a sum of money every year to the King of England. You will smile when you hear what Edgar made the Welsh pay instead of money. Wales was at that time so full of wolves that they not only ate up everything, but they were so fierce that it was not at all safe to live there, so Edgar, to get rid of these wild beasts, made the Welsh bring him three hundred wolves' heads every year. This was a droll tax, but it was a very good one, for in time all the wolves were killed. Edgar had two wives. The son of his first queen came to the throne on his death, which took place in 975.

EDWARD THE MARTYR.

The name of the new king was Edward—he was called the Martyr; and as you like to know what all things mean, I will tell you why he was so called. He was quite a little child, of not more than twelve years old, when he came to the throne, but he had been taught what was right, and as a king he knew there was much for him to do. His mother-in-law was not yet dead, and he thought it right to go and see her, for she was a queen, and the wife of his father. One would think that Elfrida (for that was her name) would have been pleased to see her son-in-law, but she was a bad woman. She wished her own son to reign; so one day, when the king came to see her at Corfe Castle, she told some of her men to stab him, which they did, in his back, when he had a cup of wine in his hand to drink her health. Edward, when he felt the wound, put spurs to his horse and rode away as fast as he could, but he bled so much that he soon fell from it, and being unable to pull his foot out of

the stirrup, he was dragged along by the horse till he died, which was in 979. Now you will know why Edward was called the Martyr; and I guess you will say, Poor Edward and cruel Elfrida. You may be sure that little thing within us, which always tells us when we do wrong, and takes away all our peace, did not fail to keep Elfrida in mind, as long as she lived, of her cruel and wicked act. If you wish to know where Corfe Castle is, you will find it in the south of Dorsetshire.

ETHELRED THE SECOND.

Ethelred was the name of Elfrida's son. The Danes came to take a peep in this reign, and as Ethelred was a very idle king, and by no means brave, they made bold to try once more to come and live in England. Ethelred ought to have sent them home again, as the good King Alfred did; but he was more cruel than either brave or just, for he let the Danes think they might live at peace in England, and

then gave an order to have them all put to death in one day. This was not right of Ethelred, for we should be just even to those who are not just to us. When Sweyn, the King of Denmark, heard what was done, he came over in a great rage to fight Ethelred, who fled to France to get out of his way, and dared not come back again till he heard that Sweyn was dead; then he thought all was safe, but Sweyn left a very brave son, Canute. Ethelred had also a son quite as brave, who did all he could to help his father, but the king died in 1016, and left Canute and his brave son in the midst of war.

EDMUND IRONSIDE.

The name of Ethelred's brave son was Edmund—he was called Ironside. Canute and he fought a long time, like mad dogs, to see who was to be king. At last, both being quite tired of war, they agreed to share England between them. Canute was king of the north, and Edmund reigned in the south; but it was

for a very short time, for Edmund was slain at Oxford in the next year, 1017.

CANUTE.

Though Edmund left sons and brothers, one of whom ought to have reigned, yet the English let Canute reign in peace till his death; for they were very fond of him, and in most things he was just and good, though one great blot in his life was the way in which he used the young sons of Edmund, and one of that king's brothers, whom he had put to death; the little princes were sent out of the kingdom to the King of Sweden, some say to be put to death by him, but that king would not do so bad an act, so he sent them to the King of Hungary, to keep them out of the way of Canute. One of them, named Edwin, died at that court, and you will read of the other by and bye. In spite of these cruel and wicked acts Canute was thought to be so wise and good a king that he was called the Great. There is a tale told of him, that

once, when he thought his people gave him more praise than was due to him, he had a chair brought



CANUTE ON THE SEA-SHORE.

to the sea-side, when the tide was coming in. The king sat down on the sea-shore, and thus spoke to the waves: "The land on which I sit is mine. I charge thee not to come nearer me, nor dare to wet the feet of thy king." He then staid to see if the waves would obey him, which of course they did not, for God alone is Lord both of sea and land. This Canute knew, and he wished to show his men how wrong it was to call him lord of all, when they must know that He alone, whom the earth, the seas, and the winds obey was worthy of that title, and that though they might fear and love him as their king, yet to do more than this was a sin in the eyes of the great God, by whose leave alone he was able to do anything that was good. Canute lived many years after this in peace and quiet. He died in 1035, and left three sons, and to each a crown. To Harold he left England, to Hardicanute, Denmark, and to Sweyn Norway.

HAROLD AND HARDICANUTE.

I am sorry to have to tell you that not one of Canute's sons were such good men as he was, so nothing can be said in their praise in any way: and as we should never speak of any one's faults, save when they do great harm to men at large, or to warn others from being as bad, I think the less we hear of such bad men as Canute's sons were the better. Harold reigned only five years; he died in 1040. No one was sorry when he died, and all hoped that Hardicanute would be a better king. The day he came to the crown was kept with great joy; but the English and Danes had soon cause to change their joy into grief, for Hardicanute was a worse man and king than Harold. He died in 1042, to the great joy of all under him, who were now as ready to make the day of his death a feast, as they had, two years ago, the day when he came to the crown. To his other faults he added that of eating too much, which was the cause of his death. This day the English kept for some years as Hock Holiday.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

I think you will now say, Pray, mamma, did the English still wish to have Danes for their kings, since they were such bad men? So I feel you will be as glad to hear, as I am to tell you, that no more Danish kings have, from the time of Hardicanute, reigned in England. If you try and think a minute, you will find out that Edmund Ironside was the last Saxon king, and I have not long since told you that he had both sons and brothers, who were, as well as Edmund, the sons of that weak King Ethelred, who was called the Unready, for he was never ready to fight the Danes. One of these sons, named Alfred, was put to death by the bad Harold, and the other went, as fast as he could, to France, or no doubt he would have lost his life too. As soon as this prince, whose name was Edward, heard of the death of Hardicanute, he came to claim the crown, which he had some right to. The English were in great glee at once more having a Saxon to reign over

them, and all gave shouts of joy on the day that he was made king. Edward made some good laws, which were long dear to the English, and as he had no sons he left his crown, at his death, which took place in 1066, to his wife's brother, Harold.

HAROLD.

Now we are come to sad times again for poor England: more war, and with other men, who were called Normans. I must first tell you that the Normans then lived in Normandy, which is in the north of France. France, as England had once been, was formed of many states, and each of these had a duke, or prince of their own, who had to pay a sum every year to the King of France. William, Duke of Normandy, came to England on the death of Saint Edward, or the Confessor, (as he was called,) to claim the crown, which he made out had been given him by Edward when he was at his court. Be this as it may, Harold made up his mind to keep it; so to war

both the princes went. The name of the place where they fought was Hastings, a town on the coast of Sussex. It was a sad war for the poor English—their Saxon king, Harold, was slain, and they now had to be ruled by a Norman duke, who took the title of King of England. All this took place in the same year that Edward died—1066.



THE DEATH OF HAROLD.

"Oh, mamma," said Jane, when she had heard thus far of her new book, "I wish the poor English had not let the Normans gain that battle. Do you not pity them, also? I am sure I do; and I am quite sure I shall not like their new king."

MAMMA.

You must not judge the poor man till you hear what sort of a king he was.

JANE.

When will you write me some more, dear mamma? I love my new book, for I know so much more than I did.

MAMMA.

Stay, my dear. It is not to make you vain of what you know that I write these tales for you. If you were to say by heart all that I write, you would even then know but a very little of what I hope you will one day learn of the kings of your own country.

JANE.

I will not be vain, mamma; only I am glad to

know what is true. But is it not a good thing papa gave me a new Atlas on my birth-day ; for you are so kind as to tell me where all the places are, that I shall quite learn geography too ?

MAMMA.

Not much of that either, my dear. Still I wish you to look in your map for all the places I name, and that will be one short step to geography. Now if you go away, I will write some more of your book.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Force now made the English yield to William, who was called the Conqueror. If choice had been left them, Edgar Atheling, the son of Prince Edward, who had been sent to Hungary, out of the way of Canute, would have been their king. But as this could not be, and as Edgar was too meek and good a man to wish for war, which he knew would do him

no good, he gave up his claim to the throne as soon as William had agreed to give him a mark a day, which is worth thirteen shillings and four-pence, and was thought a large sum in those days. So we must bid Saxon kings good bye, and hear what the Normans did for us. At first William did all he could to gain the love of the English, but in time he made some very hard laws: he also turned them out of their houses, in order to plant a large forest and fill it with deer—this is still called the New Forest. You will find it in Hampshire. At eight o'clock at night a bell was tolled, when the poor English were forced to put out their fires and candles—this bell was called curfew, but the right word is *couvre feu*, the French for to cover fire. William did all he could to make the English learn and speak French; but though he could make them obey all his other laws, yet in their speech they would do as they pleased, and they made up their minds they would not speak French. I hope, though you do not yet know much French, you will be wise enough both to learn and speak it; for in these days you will be thought a sad dunce if you do

not speak it well. Some of William's worst trials were with his own sons, who could not agree. Robert,



WILLIAM AND HIS SON ROBERT.

the eldest, fought against his father, and was very near being the cause of his death. This he did not mean, and he was in great grief about it, but the king was too angry with him to forgive him for a long time.

After this William went to war with the King of France, and through an unjust act he came by his death. He set fire, in anger, to the small French town of Mante, in Normandy; and as his horse's foot was much burnt with the hot ashes, he kicked with the pain, and threw the king off his back, who died from the hurt, in 1087. William left Normandy to his eldest son Robert, and England to his second son, William.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

I have not much to tell you of William the Second, or Rufus, as he was called from his red hair. He was a bad man, and a cruel and unjust king. There are two things you must try to store up in your mind—one is, that fine hall, called Westminster Hall, was built by the order of William Rufus; of the other you will read when you are a great girl, in a much larger book than this; all I shall tell you of it is, that Peter the Hermit went, as many good Christians did in those days, to see the tomb of our blessed Lord, at Jerusalem. He there found that the Turks

used the good Christians very ill, (for they were bad men,) so he made all the haste he could back into Europe, to tell what he had seen, which made many of the princes in Europe go with all speed, to take the part of the Christians, and to drive out the bad Turks: this was a hard task, for these wars, which were called crusades, or holy wars,



DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

lasted more than two hundred years. William did not go, but he lent money to his brother Robert, who gave him Normandy to hold till he paid him the sum back. In the meantime William was killed, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, who shot at a deer, but the arrow glancing from a tree struck the king, who died of the wound. Poor Sir Walter was in a great fright, and ran off as fast as he could; and the king's young brother, Henry, of whom you have not yet heard, went off too, to claim the crown, which he knew his brother Robert had now a right to; but Robert was still at the crusades. William was killed in 1100.

HENRY THE FIRST.

Bad men alone have cause for fear, and this was Henry's case, for he must have had a bad heart to leave a dead brother in the midst of a forest, to go and claim a crown to which he knew he had no just right; and I grieve to tell you that this was not the only time he showed himself both a bad and cruel brother. When

Henry reached Winchester he found all people ready to give him the crown ; still many of the English did not yet forget their dear Saxon kings, and Henry, to gain their whole love, and to make his claim to the crown firm, sought for a wife among the Saxons. Edgar Atheling had a sister who was the wife and queen of Malcolm of Scotland, and their daughter, Maude, or Matilda, was the lady Henry chose for his queen. This gave the English great joy ; but in the midst of their rejoicing Robert came home and claimed the throne. He was too idle a prince to take much pains to get it, and for a sum of money he gave Henry leave to keep it ; but Henry soon broke his faith, and after some years of war poor Robert was put in prison by his cruel brother, who put out his eyes. The name of the castle in which Robert was shut up was Cardiff, in Glamorganshire, where he lived in great grief for twenty-eight years. All pity the poor and weak Robert, though every one must blame him for being too idle to keep what was justly his own. It is said he once laid in bed for some days for the want of his clothes, of which he had been robbed, rather than make any effort to regain them. It was in

vain Henry tried to be happy ; nothing could give ease to that heart which had been the cause of so many bad and cruel deeds. His first-born son had been to Normandy, and on his way home was drowned,



SHIPWRECK OF WILLIAM, HENRY'S SON.

through want of care in steering the ship, which was a great grief to the king. When Henry heard of the loss of his son he set no bounds to his grief; and though he lived for many years after, it is said that he was never seen to smile again. His own death took place in 1135, and was brought on by eating too much of a rich dish of small fish, called lampreys. Henry left his throne to his daughter Matilda, who had two husbands; her first was Henry the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and her second husband was Geoffrey Plantagenet, the son of the Count of Anjou.

“Mamma,” said Jane, “I hope there were not many Norman kings—I do not like them at all.”

MAMMA.

I think I can guess why you so soon tire of Norman kings; and as they were such bad men, I am glad to tell you the three you have just read of are all that there were of this line of kings.

JANE.

I do not like to hear of such great men as kings are being so very bad ; so I must say I am glad to bid good bye to the bad Normans.

MAMMA.

As mine are true tales, I must write of what took place in each king's reign, whether it be good or bad, though it is with grief that I speak of their bad deeds ; but we must bear in mind that war and gain were more thought of in those times, so that the hearts of men were not so kind as they have since become, now that the word of God is more known ; and as I go on with my tales I shall have to tell you of many good kings and queens too.

JANE.

I am glad of that. I want to hear of a queen very much.

MAMMA.

Then you must let me write as fast as I can, for in my next tale you will hear something of a queen.

STEPHEN.

Maude, or Matilda, was no sooner made queen than a new foe came to take the throne from her; this was her first cousin, Stephen, the son of the late king's sister. The King of Scotland took the part of Matilda, and came with an army to help her to fight against Stephen: but he had many friends, and this time he won the battle against the queen and the Scottish king. Matilda was too brave to mind this—she fought again for her crown and won it. Many times, and for many years Matilda and Stephen fought to see who was to reign, and each in turn gained the day. But they were sad times for the poor English, and it is said that many died for want of food, for corn could not be grown in a land that was laid waste by years of war. At length both parties were tired of strife, and yet neither would give up the crown. Matilda's cause was just, and her son, who was now old enough to help her, made Stephen fear he should not be able to keep the throne, to which in truth he had no right; but the queen was kind enough to make peace with Stephen and let him

reign till his death, when it was agreed that her son, the young Prince Henry, should come to the crown. At the end of one year after this Stephen died, 1154.

When we went down the river Thames last week, you know our boat went under London-bridge, through an arch. I wish you may bear in mind, the next time you see an arch, that it was Matilda who first had stone bridges built; and the very first was built over the river Lea, at Stratford, called Stratford-le-Bow, from the bridge having an arch.

HENRY THE SECOND.

I am glad to tell you I am at last come to the life of a better king. Henry kept in his mind all the good things he had been taught when a child, so he grew up a good and kind man, and was also very learned for the times in which he lived. You will be vexed to hear that even this good king, who made just laws, and tried to do what was right, had many griefs. Thomas à Becket was a man of mean birth, but Henry was fond of him, and from a low rank in

the church he rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury. He was too vain and proud a man to do what was just in so high a state, though he strove to make the king think he was the most lowly and meek man that could be, for he would eat only herbs and coarse bread, wear clothes of the worst kind, and wash the feet of poor men; but this he did through pride, and to gain his own end, as you will find out when you are old enough to read his life in a large book. All I can tell you of him is, that he quite wore out the king's love for him, who one day was heard to say, "Becket is the plague of my life." Four men, who stood by, heard what Henry said, and they went to Canterbury, where Becket was, and slew him at the altar. This was both a wrong and a rash act, for Becket's friends thought him a saint, and the king was in great grief about it, and to turn the minds of his men from so sad a scene he went over to Ireland, and fought till he won that fine island, which has, since his time, formed a part of the British realm. Henry now thought he should end his days in peace; but no, his own sons were taught by their mother to

make war with their good and kind father, and poor Henry was forced to yield to them; but it broke his heart and he soon died of grief, in 1189.

Till the reign of this king glass windows were not known in England, and they were thought so much of that they were only used in churches. Hexham Abbey, in Northumberland, is the first church in England that had a glass window in it.



MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

JANE.

What a bad queen Henry's wife must have been, mamma ! I could cry for the poor king.

MAMMA.

I do not see of what use that would be, my love ; still I am glad you feel for poor Henry Plantagenet, for he was a good man.

JANE.

What a droll name, mamma, the king had—I am sure I shall think of that.

MAMMA.

That is just what I wish you to do, for he was the first of the line of Plantagenet, and I will tell you why he was so called. Henry's father had the name of Plantagenet, as he wore in his cap a sprig, or plant of genista, a kind of broom which grows on heaths, and Henry, through love to his father, kept the same name.

JANE.

Did any of Henry's bad sons reign, mamma?

MAMMA.

Yes, my dear. Henry's eldest son, whose name was also Henry, died before his father, so his next son, Richard, came to the crown; but I must not speak of him till you read his life.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

Richard the First was so brave a man that he was called Cœur de Lion, or the Lion-hearted. You have heard he was a bad son, but it is only just to say of him that he was truly sorry for his fault, and when he heard of the king's death he was much grieved for what he had done. War was in all his thoughts, and Richard was no sooner king than he made haste to join the King of France in the crusades, for they were still going on in the Holy Land. Richard met with some ills on his way there, but when once at

Jerusalem he fought as the bravest of the brave. Saladin, the chief of the Turks, fled from him with fear; and yet, though his greatest foe, the great Turk sent Richard cool fruits and ice to quench the thirst of the fever, when the great English king lay on the field, ill with a wound. They were both brave men, and it is a pity that the noble Turk fought in so bad a cause, for had he been a Christian he would indeed have been a great man. Richard and his men gained so much fame in the war, that the King of France, with some other princes in Europe, were angry to think his glory was so great, and out of spite they put him in prison when he was on his way home. It was a long time before the English could make out where their loved king was, but by chance a harper played a tune that Richard was very fond of, close to the castle in which he was shut up. The king heard it, and played the same tune on his harp, from a window, and by this means he was found out. For a large sum of money, (which the English soon paid,) Richard was set free; but he had sad news to learn when he got home. His brother John was a very bad man, and he had done all he could to seize the

throne; but as he feared his brave brother he tried to make his peace with him, and the noble Richard forgave him in a moment. Richard's reign was short—he was wounded by a poisoned arrow at the siege of Chaluz, of which he died in 1199. Bertram de Gourmans,



RICHARD PARDONING HIS BROTHER JOHN.

was the name of the man that shot the king. Richard sent to ask him why he had done so ; “ Because,” said the man, “ you, with your own hand, slew my father and my two brothers, and you thought to hang me. Do so, I am now in your power ; but I shall die happy, since I have rid the world of a tyrant.” The dying king was so much struck with this bold speech that he set the man free, and gave him one hundred shillings ; but his officer caused him to be put to death in the most cruel way, for his skin was drawn off, and in this state he was hanged.

JOHN.

What you will say when you read of the bad King John I am sure I cannot tell. I will make my tale as short as I can, for it is not worth while to say much of a man who was the worst of kings, as well as the worst of men. To gain the throne he killed his own nephew, who was the right heir ; and when he had done this he gave it to the pope, who let John reign as long as he did what he wished. John soon

forgot his word, and the pope said he would place the King of France on the English throne. This led to war. The English nobles would not yield to so bad a king—they fought for their rights, and made John sign a law which set them free. This law, called Magna Charta, was the only good act John did in his



KING JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

whole reign, and this he did through fear. John was at war till his death, and, I am glad to say, his bad reign was short. He was on his way to the north when, in crossing an arm of the sea, called the Wash, and the tide coming quickly in, he lost all that he had, and was himself near being drowned. He caught so bad a cold and fever, from the wet and fright, that he died in a few days, to the great joy of all men, for John's vices made him justly hated by his ill-used people. He died in 1116.

HENRY THE THIRD.

Henry the Third was quite a child when he came to the throne. He was the eldest son of John, and not more than nine years old when he was made a king. I am glad to say he had none of his father's vices, for he was gentle, kind, and good ; but he was too weak a prince to make a good king, and as he grew up and had more power he did so many foolish things that very few liked him. One of his worst

faults was that of making friends of men who were not worthy of his love ; to these he gave all the best places in his realm, and it was this great folly that made all his true friends leave him. Weak men, like Henry, are not fit to govern a nation, where justice ought to reign to keep it united. You will guess that war soon broke out, and all England was up in arms. The poor king had some few friends who helped him to keep his throne, but many of the barons joined Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, whose sole aim was to get the power in his own hands. You will be glad to learn he did not gain his end. Henry's son, the young prince Edward, was so brave, that though at one time both he and his father lost the battle, and were kept in prison by Leicester, yet Edward, through art, made his way out, and with his friends won the day. Leicester was slain and peace was once more seen in England. There is a tale told, that when Edward was Leicester's captive he feigned illness, and by this art gained leave to ride out : for a short way he seemed too weak to sit upon his horse ; he had not gone far before he

asked those who were with him to ride a race. As soon as they were out of sight the prince put spurs to his horse, went another way, and was soon out of reach. In a few days a large army, with the prince



EDWARD RESCUING HIS FATHER.

at their head, met Leicester in battle, who, out of spite, put the poor old king in front of the battle, in hopes that he would be slain; and this would have been the case, had he not called out in a loud voice, "I am Henry of Winchester, your king. Spare my life I pray you;" and the prince, who knew his father's voice, had him put in a place of safety. As soon as Edward put all things right he set sail for the Holy Land, and when on his way back the news reached him of his father's death. The poor king was quite worn out in body, and though not very old, the toils and cares of a king had been too much for his weak mind. It is hard to say, that though a kind and good man very few felt his loss, and he went to his grave, after a long reign of fifty-six years, with scarcely a friend to shed one tear of sorrow, in 1172.

There was a very clever man who lived in the time of Henry the Third, named Roger Bacon; he was a monk, and he spent all his life in finding out things of great use; but men knew so little in those times that they were afraid of him, and put him in prison for some evil spirit, and only because he was so much more leared and clever than they were.

As soon as Jane had heard this she said, "Why, mamma, what did Roger Bacon do to make men think him an evil spirit, for there are not such things, are there, mamma?"

MAMMA.

You will judge how little men could know in those times, to think such foolish things, when you hear that Roger Bacon was a quiet man, but very clever. He put glass, which was not much known before his time, to many uses. Eye-glasses, telescopes, and microscopes were first made by him; he also made a map, wrote many books, and was the first man that made gunpowder, though he did not know its use.

JANE.

And were there such silly people then as to be afraid of him for doing this? Well, that is a funny thing I must say.

MAMMA.

You see how hard and slow a thing it is for the mind of man to be taught without books, of which

they had yet but few ; and as they thought more of war than any other thing, they spent but little time in search of knowledge or the arts ; and if we may judge by the way they used poor Roger Bacon, men of skill had not much to tempt them to put forth what they knew.

JANE.

How I like my book ! there are so many nice tales in it that I am sure I shall never forget. I like it more and more each time I read it.

MAMMA.

I am so glad you like it that I shall go to work as fast as I can with the new King Edward.

EDWARD THE FIRST.

Edward was so tall a man, and had such long legs, that men gave him the queer name of Longshanks. I will not go so far as to say he was so called to his face. We should think it very odd and rude to nick-

name any one ; but there were many strange things done in the times of which I write, as you have long since found out. Edward was a good son, a kind husband, and a fond father ; and yet his reign brought much evil upon the English, for war still raged, and, I grieve to say, that some cruel acts on Edward's part took away from the glory which would have been due to him for his skill in the field of battle, since no prince of his time could be more brave. Do you yet bear in mind that the few Britons who were left when the Saxons first came, went to live in a small nook of the island called Wales ? From that time till the reign of Edward they had kept this land for their own, by paying a small tax to the English king. Edward's great wish was to be king of the whole island, and he soon made out some cause for strife against the Welsh king, Lewellyn, and set out with a large body of men for Wales, crossed the river Severn, and climbed the high mountains, which the Welsh thought too steep for any one to get over. Lewellyn was both a brave and a good prince, but too old to fight with a young king who had made up his

mind either to win or die. He was slain, and his brother David, the last prince of his race, fell into the hands of Edward, who had him put to a cruel death. This was a sad pity; and it was in this war that Edward did all that he could think of to vex and wound the minds of the poor broken-hearted Welsh,



EDWARD PRESENTING THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

who now had no longer a king of their own. Edward, in the midst of the most cruel acts, sought, by means of art, to console them; he told them they should yet have a prince of their own. The joy of the Welsh was great at this news, but they too soon found out their true state, when Edward showed them his own baby-boy, and said, "Look at your Prince of Wales," for he had just been born in Cærnarvon castle.

This was a deep trick of Edward's; and since his time the first-born son of the kings or queens of England has, at his birth, been made Prince of Wales. Edward now turned his thoughts to Scotland, and chance stood his friend in his schemes to gain that throne. Alexander, King of Scotland, was just dead, and as he left no son, strife arose among those who were nearest of kin to him, as to who had the best right to the crown. John Baliol and Robert Bruce were the two whose claims were so nearly alike that they sent to Edward to decide which of them should reign. Having agreed to abide by his will, Edward in great joy lost no time in going to Scotland. His first step was to get hold of all the castles and forts;

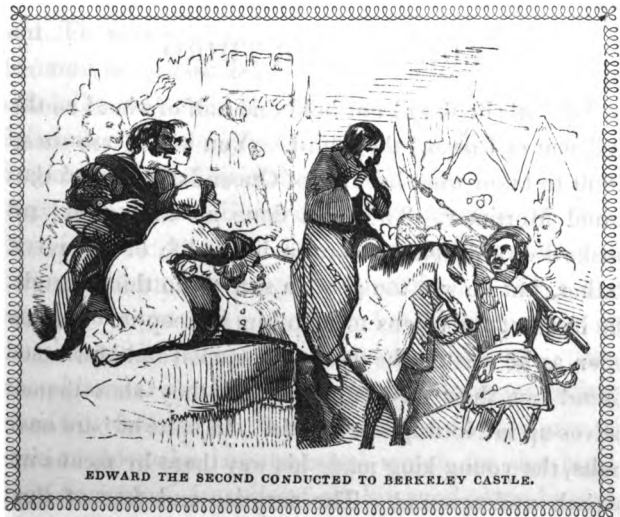
and as he found out Baliol to be a weak man, and that, whilst he bore the title of king, he would be but a tool in his own hands, he gave him the choice. As soon as the friends of Bruce saw Edward's drift, they took up arms in his and their country's cause, and war was begun on both sides with great fury—the Scotch fought to keep their throne, and the English to gain it. It is hard to say how this war would have ended, for such lion-hearted men as Bruce and Edward, with each such brave friends to help them, would have fought till death, rather than yield. But the all-wise God, who rules in peace and war, decreed that Scotland should be free. Edward was on his way to make fresh war, when he was taken so ill that he was forced to rest at a place called Burgh-upon-Sands, a few miles north of Carlisle, where he died in a tent in 1307; but on his death-bed he made his eldest son, the first Prince of Wales, say, he would not rest till he had won the Scottish throne.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

It was a much more easy task for Edward the Second (who was also called Cærnarvon) to say he would win Scotland, than it was for him to do it. When once on the throne, he let the first years of his reign pass by, without making any effort to check the steps that the brave Bruce was taking to fix the crown on his own head. Edward was by nature kind and mild, but fond of ease, and, like his poor grandfather, too weak a man to make a good and great king; and, like him, made choice of men to whom he gave all his love, of which they were not at all worthy. England was once more the scene of cruel war, and there was no peace till the king's chosen but ill-judged friends were put to death. Their loss seemed to rouse Edward; he woke as from a dream, and made a grand show of pomp and power, in the way in which he led a large army into Scotland; but the time was gone by; Bruce had—by slow but sure steps, gained much power and a host of warm friends to help his cause. The two kings met in battle and

fought till the English lost so many men that the rest ran off in fear, and left Bruce victor on the field of battle, and king of the realm of Scotland. The Scotch to this day speak with pride of the noted battle of Bannockburn, and tell many tales of their loved Bruce, who saved their country from the English yoke. I wish I could now pass on to the next king's reign, and leave untold the grief and sorrow which poor Edward had to endure from this time till his death. Your young and tender heart will pity him—his worst and most cruel foe was his own wife, the Queen Isabella; she, like the king, made friends of bad men: one, named Mortimer, she wished to reign; and he, with her, set their wicked heads and bad hearts to work to do all they could to hurt and vex the king. In short, they turned him off the throne, and put him in the care of three of the worst men they could find, who took him from place to place, and used him more like a wild beast than a king. It is said poor Edward asked once for a little warm water to shave with, when some out of a dirty ditch was brought him. The meek and broken-hearted king could not bear

this fresh insult; the warm tears ran down his cheeks, and with a smile, full of grief, he said, "Here is warm water that you cannot take from me." But he was spared to endure much worse trials than this. The queen and her vile friends sought the life of the king, and by their order he was put to so cruel a death in Berkeley Castle that his screams were heard a great



EDWARD THE SECOND CONDUCTED TO BERKELEY CASTLE.

way off. This sad event took place in 1327. All must look over the faults of the king in the pity that they feel for his woes; and we cannot be too thankful that we live in times far off from those sad and cruel scenes, of which we too often read in the early part of England's history.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

My little book will not hold one half of what I could tell you of Edward the Third. You will, I am sure, want to know what became of Queen Isabella and the cruel Mortimer. They had done all they could to make Edward wear the crown in the life of his poor father, but he was too good a son to do this, though he had not the means to help him to keep it. But as soon as he was on the throne, the queen and Mortimer found out their day was past, and they shut themselves up in Nottingham Castle. In spite of bars and bolts, the young king made his way there by means of a path underground. The surprise and fear of the

guilty queen, when she saw her son enter the room with armed men, was, you may think, very great. In vain she called out, "Oh, spare my gentle Mortimer." He was taken, tried, and put to death; whilst the queen was sent to Rising Castle, in Norfolk, to live there till she died. The king, as a mark of duty, went to see her once a year. Edward might have had a reign of peace and quiet had he not been so fond of war. He first tried to gain Scotland, and so far made it his own as to turn David, the son of the brave Bruce, off the throne, and place on it one of his tools. But this was not for long—the Scotch soon sent to France to fetch King David back, who had fled to that court for safety. Edward did not much mind this, for his head was now full of schemes to gain the French throne, to which he thought he had some claim, in right of his mother; but as queens never reign alone in France his claim was a bad one. But no matter; to war he went, with a small army, trusting that his skill in the battle-field, and in the arts of war, would make him an equal match for the huge French army. In spite of all his good plans he and his little band were once in great danger. He wanted

to cross one of the small rivers in the north of France, which the French king, Philip, had, as he thought, put a stop to, by having had all the bridges broken up. Edward knew not what to do, for behind and before was the great French army, ready to pounce upon him. By good luck he found out a narrow part of the river, into which he walked, calling out to his men, "All who love me, follow!" The whole army went through after their brave king, and before the French came up the tide had swelled the river too deep for them to cross. In a short time both armies met at Crecy. Edward would not fight, for he wished his son, the Prince of Wales, to have all the glory of that great day. This good and noble prince, called also the Black Prince, was, in one part of the day, so much worn out, that some one ran to the king, (who stood on the top of a hill looking with joy at the feats of skill of his brave son,) and prayed him to come and help him; but Edward would not move. "Tell my son I will not rob him of the glory which I see will be his." When the prince heard these words he fought with fresh zeal, and before nightfall he ran into his father's arms to ask his blessing as a victor and a hero. The poor



MOTTO OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

old King of Bohemia was slain in this war—he was blind, but was led into the field by two knights. The prince, to mark the day still more, took the motto, “Ich dien!” “I serve,” from the king’s shield, and used it as his own, and so have all Princes of Wales



THE PRINCE OF WALES WAITING ON THE KING OF FRANCE.

since his time. Calais and Poitiers were, in turns, the scenes of the arms of the brave Edward and his equally brave son. The French king was taken by the Black Prince at Poitiers, and brought to England, and many are the tales that are told of the kind way in which the Prince of Wales tried to make the French king forget he was in exile. At table the prince stood behind his chair to wait upon him, and he gave him the best horse he had to ride, whilst he rode by the king's side on a small pony.

Philippa, Edward's wife, was one of the best of queens—she was gentle, kind, and good to all, yet brave as the king, and once (odd as you will think it) she led an army into the battle-field, and won the noted battle of Neville's Cross, in Durham, over the Scottish king, whom she brought to London as a captive. Queen Philippa more than once knelt at the feet of her husband, to beg him to pardon the faults of some of his subjects, and she even was the means of his showing mercy to his foes.

In spite of so much war there were some who found time for works of art. Clocks, weaving stuffs, and



THE LORD MAYOR ENTERTAINING THE KINGS OF ENGLAND,
FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND.

coining gold were first known in this king's reign, and fire-arms were first used at the battle of Crecy. The good Prince of Wales died before his father, after a long illness, which broke the poor old king's

heart, who was worn out with the cares of his long reign. He died the next year, in 1377.

JANE.

What a nice, dear man the Prince of Wales was. Why was he called the Black Prince, mamma?

MAMMA.

Because he wore black armour; for no man went to war in those days without a suit of mail.

JANE.

What a pity he did not live to reign! I am sure he would have made such a good kind king. And how funny of queens to go to war! Why did Philippa do so, mamma?

MAMMA.

The king and the prince were both in France, and David thought it wou'd be an easy task for him to gain England in their absence; but he soon found, to

his cost, that he was wrong ; for Queen Philippa feared not to defend her husband's rights in person, and, as you have just heard, with good success. I write of times long since gone by, when the arts and comforts of life were few, and when queens thought it no shame to go to war.

JANE.

But do you think it a right thing for a queen to go and fight with men? I do not like to see my finger bleed, and I am quite sure I should not like to kill a man, nor yet to see one killed.

MAMMA.

My dear child, we should think it anything but a brave act, to see our good queen at the head of her troops ; for we live in those happy times when we have been taught to know the word of God, and learn mercy ; therefore, what was thought brave and just in the times of the Edwards, would now be most cruel and wicked.

JANE.

When will you come to a reign without war,

mamma? I should like to know what the English did when they had no battles to fight.

MAMMA.

I fear it will be some time before I come to a reign of peace, for men, even now, are too fond of finding some cause for quarrel. But you shall judge as I go on with my tales.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

Richard the Second was the right heir to the throne on the death of Edward, for he was the son of the Black Prince, and, though but eleven years old, had a prior claim to any of his uncle Edward's sons. Of course he was too young to rule without their help, and three of them, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, took upon them the cares of the state. I think you know what a tax means, and as Richard was short of money, from the long war in the last

reign, he laid a new tax, of one shilling per head, upon every person above sixteen years of age. No one liked this tax, and many would not give up their right age. This, of course, led to strife. Two men, Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, were the first who took up the cause with warmth: they went to London, and soon drew large crowds in their train. As soon as the young king heard of it, he went to meet them in Smithfield, where he was treated in the most rude way by Wat Tyler, who was slain by one of the king's men. When the mob saw their leader dead on the field they all flew to arms; but the king, though only sixteen, rode into the midst of them, and said, "What, my friends, will you then kill your king? Do not mourn the loss of your leader: follow me, and I will be your leader—you shall have all you want!" Was not this a brave act? and how much I wish I had more of the same kind to tell; but Richard was too fond of ease and pomp, as well as dress, to make a king fit to rule the English, who were always ready for war. What he said one day he was apt to change the next, and so lost the love of his people. His



RENCONTRE OF THE KING AND WAT TYLER.

uncles took up arms against him ; and his uncle of Gloucester was slain by his order, at Calais. His cousin Henry, the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was sent out of England for a term of years ; and on the death of his father the king seized upon his estates, which he said he would keep for

him. Henry heard of Richard's breach of faith, and came home: he went to meet the king, his cousin, who said he was glad to see him. Henry, in a proud and vain speech, said, "My lord, the king, I am come home too soon; for your people



RICHARD THE SECOND RESIGNING THE CROWN

tell me you do not rule them well, and they are tired of you. If it please God I will help you to rule them better for the time to come." To which the king said, "I thank you, fair cousin; since it pleases you it pleases us also." But Henry's was strange help, for from this time he treated the weak Richard more like his prisoner than his king, and insulted him by making him ride through the country on a poor lean horse, whilst he rode one of great worth. As they went along the people shouted "Long live the good Duke of Lancaster!" but none said "Long live the king." Henry's next act was to make Richard give up the throne, and he then sent him to Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire, where, in a short time, he was put to a cruel death, in 1399, and Henry came to the throne, by the title of Henry the Fourth.

JANE.

What a stupid king Richard was, mamma, to give up his crown so. He was not half brave enough; for,

though I do not like war, I think I should not have been so simple.

MAMMA.

I think it is more easy to talk than to act ; and so Richard found it, for no one cared to help him to keep his crown. If you had seen the dress of those times I think you would have liked a piece for your doll's quilt.

JANE.

What, was it patch-work, mamma ?

MAMMA.

It was very like it—there could not be too many colours to make a coat, or any other part of dress : one sleeve yellow and the other blue, with a red middle, was thought very pretty in Richard's time ; and a shoe on one leg and a boot on the other, was then the height of fashion.

JANE.

What a funny dress !—it must have looked very odd, and I should think very ugly. Was it the king's taste, mamma ?

MAMMA.

I guess so, my dear. I have now done with the Plantagenet kings—there were eight of them. Those I am now going to speak about are of the line of Lancaster, from Henry being the son of the Duke of Lancaster.

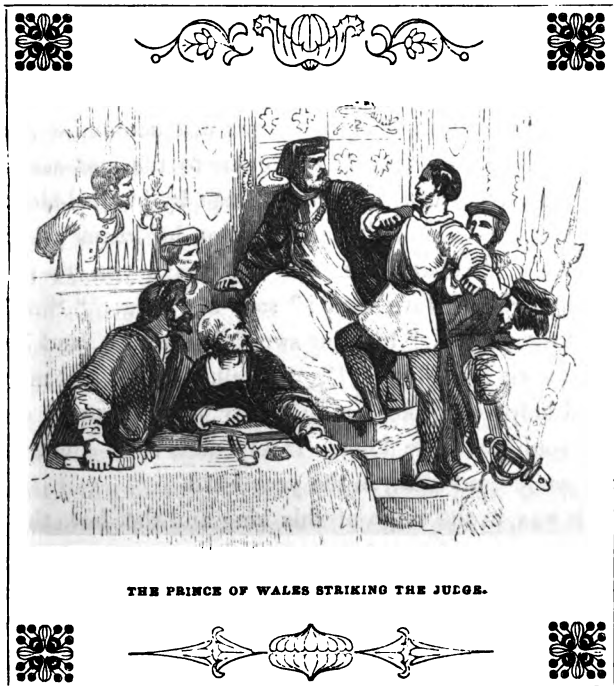
HENRY THE FOURTH.

I still, my dear child, have only tales of war to amuse you with; for Henry had no right to the crown, as Lionel, Duke of Clarence, one of Edward's elder sons, though dead, left an heir to the throne, whose name was Mortimer. He was a mere child, but Henry feared him, so he kept him shut up in Windsor Castle. Still Henry had hard work to keep the throne he had so unfairly won, and war broke out with all its force. A great battle was fought at Shrewsbury: Henry fought there with all his might, for he was a brave man, and it was well for him that he was so, for

against him fought Harry Hotspur, so called from his warmth of temper, who sought the king through the whole battle-field to slay him; but a trick of the king's saved his life. Henry had many of his men clad in the same kind of armour as his own, and these poor men, being taken for the king, were slain, while Henry had the good luck to escape the sword of the brave and hot-headed Hotspur, who was himself killed in the battle. The king, in his turn, had a deep trick played upon him, which no doubt would have cost him his life, if he had not had the good luck to find it out. He was in the act of getting into bed when he saw, under the clothes, the points of three sharp spears, which, had he lain on, must have killed him. It was never found out who was the planner of this horrid trick.

The Scotch had a war in this king's reign, and the heir to that throne was on his way to France to save his life; but was taken by the English and brought to Henry, who shut him up in the tower for many years. The Prince of Wales was so wild a young man that he was called "Mad-cap Harry." Once, when one

of his friends was brought before Sir William Gascoyne, and by him sent to prison, the prince flew in



THE PRINCE OF WALES STRIKING THE JUDGE.

a great rage, and struck the judge, who very coolly sent him there too. When the king heard of it he said, "Happy is the king who has a judge who knows how to do his duty so well; and still more happy to have a son who yields so well to the law." At another time the prince ran off with his father's crown, when the king was in a fit, and thought to be dead. In time Henry came to life and asked for his crown, which he always kept by his bed-side: the prince brought it back, and on his knees asked pardon. "What right, fair son, have you to the crown, when I have none?" said the king. "Sire," said the prince, "by your sword you won it, and by my sword I will keep it!" "Well, be it so, and may God help you to keep it, and may he have mercy on my soul," said the king. Henry died soon after, in the same kind of fit, in the year 1413.

It was in the reign of this king and the last, that some very good men began to find out that the church of Rome was wrong. The Bible was now written in English, so that all men who could read had the joy of knowing the whole truth of that holy and good

book. But the Romish priests did not like this, for they lost much of their power; though many of the good men I have just told you of were put to death for daring to speak the truth. But you are yet much too young to read of these matters. When you are older I hope and trust you will feel the many thanks you, as well as all right-thinking persons, owe to those who went through every trial that cruelty and ill-will could think upon, for the sake of making known the truths of the Gospel.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

Sir William Gascoyne was in a fine fright when "Mad-cap Henry" came to the throne; but he had no cause for fear, for the wild prince gave up all his idle ways as soon as he came to the crown, and as he had a noble and frank heart he made a good king. The first act of his reign was to give due praise to Sir William Gascoyne, and to tell him to go on in the

same just way as a judge ; and this noble king was not above telling the idle friends of his youth of his change for the better, and begged them to do as he had done, for that till then they must not look for any place in the state. One of Henry's worst faults was his taking part with the Romish priests, and giving them leave to treat in the most cruel way those good men who would speak the truth, in spite of all they met with. These good men were called Lollards ; a strange name, you will say, but it was done to insult them, for the word means "bad weed ;" and it is a pity that so good and great a king could suffer Lord Cobham, the chief of the Lollards in his reign, to be put to the most cruel death that human malice could invent. Poor Lord Cobham was put into chains, and hung before a slow fire to roast till he was dead. Henry's mind was ill at ease when he thought of the horrid deed, so to draw his thoughts from such sad scenes he went the old way to work, and began a war in France, which was at that time in as bad a state as it could well be. The king took but a small army with him, and he landed very near the place where

Edward the Third had done, and the
large stakes in the river, so that the soldiers
not walk through the river, as they had
A large army, on the side of the French, on
the plains of Agincourt; but they did not
its size, but he sent one of his knights
back the truth. "Wag" said the knight
Gam, on his return. "Wag" said the
Welsh knight's reply was, "I will not
to fight, enough to be killed, and I will
away." The men did not fight, and the
English thought that the French were
—some were dead.

king was () only a few months
small () uncle, the Duke of
and as the King of
baby-boy was king of
before Henry's death
except the small town of
You will read in large
strange war that took place
English, soon after Henry

only
Henry's
were
their
cruelty.
he had
body was



terms of peace. By these Henry was to marry the daughter of the French king, and at his death to come to that throne, and for ever after England and France were to have but one king.

I think your little heart will swell with pride at the

thoughts of England's glory in those days ; the only pity is, that so much blood was shed through Henry's want of mercy to the poor French ; but those were times when the greatest heroes too often spoiled their best and bravest deeds by acts of needless cruelty. Henry did not live long to enjoy the glory he had won—he died in France in 1422 ; but his body was brought to England to be buried.

HENRY THE SIXTH.

Henry the Sixth was a babe of only a few months old when his father died. His uncle, the Duke of Bedford, was chosen regent ; and as the King of France died the same year, this baby-boy was king of both realms ; but many years before Henry's death the whole of France was, except the small town of Calais, lost to the English. You will read in large books long tales of the strange war that took place between the French and English, soon after Henry

came to the two crowns. But I must tell you a little of it, for it arose from so odd a cause. A poor country girl, named Joan of Arc, lived at a small inn in Lorraine, and there heard, from time to time, of the fallen state of France, which dwelt so much upon her mind that she at last thought she could be the means



JOAN OF ARC HEADING THE FRENCH ARMY.

of saving her people from ruin. Under this idea she made known some strange dreams, which led many to think she was a spirit sent by Heaven to avenge their wrongs, and they put themselves under her guidance. Armed from head to foot, she put herself at the head of the French army, and, sword in hand, went to Orleans, and made the English raise the siege of that town. This success made the French fight with fresh zeal, so that in time they gained back their crown. The English king was forced to give up France, and the brave Duke of Bedford was slain in the contest. One cruel act left a stain upon the life of this otherwise good man. Joan of Arc had the ill luck to fall into his hands, and he had her tried as a witch, and burnt alive.

England now became the scene of civil war. The heirs of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, had for a while been quiet, but the Duke of York now put in his claim as the right heir to the throne, and war after war arose between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, which were called the wars of the red and white rose. Henry's queen, Margaret, had the spirit of a hero,

and she made the poor king fight for his crown to the last. He, poor soul, was a weak man, and quite unfit for the cares of state, and would have been more happy in a cottage than on a throne of so much care and strife, for he was fond of peace.

The Earl of Warwick was the most noted man of that time—he was called the king-maker, from his great power in placing, by turns, either Henry or his foe on the throne. Richard, Duke of York, was killed at the battle of Wakefield, and his son Edward then took the field. Towton was the last scene of battle before Edward took the title of king, and it was a sad day for the house of Lancaster; poor Henry and his friends lost their cause, the king was taken to the Tower, but his queen and their son had the good luck to make their escape. This took place in 1461.

Edward was now made king; but Warwick was still alive, and gave him cause to know it too; for the king did something to offend him, and Warwick fought once more for Henry, won the battle, and made him king again. This led to another war, in which Warwick

was slain, and poor Henry had to go back to prison. When Queen Margaret heard that Warwick was dead she fell down in a fainting fit. She, with her son, were brought before the new king, Edward, who asked the prince why he had dared to come back again. The brave



DEATH OF EDWARD, SON OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

young prince said, "I came to fight in my father's cause, and to get him back his throne." "Say you so," said Edward with a sneer, and at the same time gave him a smart blow on his face. This served as a sign to the king's bad brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, who drew their swords and stabbed the young prince to the heart. The queen fled to France, and some say the poor king was put to death; others, that he died of grief, in 1471. He was a good and holy man, but unfit to reign in times like those of which I write.

JANE.

Were there any more kings of the House of Lancaster, mamma; or did that cruel Edward of York reign now?

MAMMA.

He did, my love. His reign is said to have begun in 1461. But you have just heard he was not fixed

on the throne in Warwick's life, who was slain at the battle of Barnet, in the year 1471.

JANE.

I liked that tale of Joan of Arc ; but what a great shame it was to put her to death ! They seemed to burn men, in those days, as if they were made of wood. But I suppose we shall hear of better men now, for the Bible was written in English, and they could see there how very angry God is with all naughty people. But was Joan of Arc's dream really true ; for nurse tells me never to think of what I dream.

MAMMA.

Nurse is right, for dreams are but visions of sleep, and ought never to be thought about ; and it is only simple little girls, that talk of what they dream. In time you will hear the good men took from reading the Bible ; but it was slow work to soften the fierce hearts of men, whose chief joy was war ; and many are the tales of woe that I have yet to tell you of, before

we come to our own happy times. But I must now go on with Edward's reign.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

I shall write as little as I can of Edward the Fourth, for he was both a bad man and a bad king; and as he grew older he became worse instead of better. His two brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, were both bad men. There is a tale told in history, of a most cruel act of Edward to his brother Clarence. The king was hunting one day, and killed a pet stag of Sir Thomas Burdet's, who, in a great rage, said something to offend the king. Edward heard of it, and had Burdet put to death. He was a great friend of the Duke of Clarence, who was very sorry for the loss of his friend, which the king took as a mark of insult to him; and for it had him tried and put to death, giving him the choice of what death he would

like best—a droll thing to have to choose, you will say, and, as the tale goes, Clarence chose to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, of which he was very fond. Edward was going to make fresh war with France, but was seized with a sudden illness, of which he died in 1483. No one could mourn so bad and so unjust a king.

One very good thing took place in this king's reign. The first book was printed in England, by John Caxton; it was upon the game of chess. This good and useful man learned the art of printing abroad, and you will think with me that we owe him many thanks, for the pains he took to teach the English the art of printing, so that since then we have had printed books to read instead of written ones, as they were before his time.

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

Of all the sad tales I have written, and of all that I have yet to write, I am now come to the most sad

that marks the page of history. Edward the Fourth left a little son, heir to the throne, not thirteen years of age. His uncle, Richard of Gloucester, and Lord Rivers, also an uncle on his mother's side, a kind and good man, had the care of the young King Edward. The wicked Gloucester's first act was to get rid of Rivers and all the true friends of the little Edward, who were slain without mercy, or any form of trial. When the young king found himself in the power of his cruel uncle he was struck with fear and horror; but the artful Richard fell on his knees before him, and told him he had done all for the best, as a loyal subject.

The queen, his mother, fled with her second son, the Duke of York, into a church, where she gave full vent to her grief, for she knew well the evils that were in store for her; but the crimes of this wicked man were beyond what her worst dreams led her to fear. Richard took the young king to London, and rode through the streets before him, with his hat off, saying to the people, "Behold your king!" In a few days he changed his tone, for he made out that neither Edward the

Fifth nor his brother, the Duke of York, had any right to reign ; though with much art he made signs



of real sorrow and grief, and at the same time took the crown for himself; and the people of London, more through fear than love, ran through the streets, crying "Long live King Richard!"

Neither King Edward the Fifth nor the little Duke of York, whom the cruel Richard had also got into his power, were ever heard of after this; and it is too true that they were put to death by the order of their uncle: for some years after, their bones were found under a flight of stone steps, in the Tower. Poor little King Edward reigned only a few weeks, and even that short time he had only the name of king.

I will not dwell upon a scene of so much pain, but before I close my tale I must let you know of the odd shoes they wore at this time; they were so sharp and so long at the toes that they used to be hooked up to the knee: there were even laws made to prevent people from wearing such absurd shoes, and the clergy used to preach against them; so that in a few years the fashion changed to one as bad;—for shoes were then made so wide that all people looked as if their feet were swelled with the gout; and another law was

made that no shoes were to be more than six inches wide at the toes: and at the same time that they gave their feet so much room, they had their coats and other parts of their dress made so very tight, that they looked like large stuffed dolls, with sleeves so long that King Edward the Fourth used to tie his behind him, so that he might not stamp upon them and throw himself down.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Since Richard the Third waded to the throne through the blood of those who ought to have been nearest and dearest to him, you may think with truth there could be little joy or peace in so ill-got a crown. Those wicked friends who had joined him in the murder of his nephews, and in placing him on the throne, were the first to plot against him, and to raise an army to turn him off it. There was still a prince of the house of Lancaster, named Henry, Earl of Richmond, whom the English now wished to reign;

for most men shrunk back with fear and horror at the thoughts of Richard's crimes. Sure and secret schemes were made in many parts of the realm, and when all was quite ready for action the Earl of Richmond was asked to come and try to gain the throne. He soon landed



BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

at a Welsh port, called Milford Haven, and, at the head of a large army, marched through the kingdom to Leicestershire, and fought Richard in the field of Bosworth, who was slain, covered with wounds. The wretched king's body was thrown across a horse, and was buried at Leicester. None could mourn so bad a king; and I fear there were few, if any, in those days, who felt that pity for his crimes which the good and kind-hearted Christian of these times ever feels for a sinning fellow-creature. Richard is often called "Hunch-backed Richard," for he had a great hump on his back. He had also a most ugly face, which, from a mind so ill at ease and full of bad thoughts, made it worse to look upon.

It was the plan, in the days of Richard, for men to take their beds about with them: the king left his in Leicester, where he slept the last night of his life; and there is a tale told, that about a hundred years after, a woman, whose it then was, on making the bed one day, saw a coin drop from it. This led her to look about it, and she found the bottom of the bed hollow, and nearly three hundred pounds hidden in it.

With joy she made it known to her maid, who was wicked enough to kill the poor woman in order to get the money. She was caught and hanged for her crime. It is also said, that there was a stream in the field of Bosworth, near which Richard fell, of which the waters were much stained with his blood. For many years after no person would use the water from that stream ; and even to this day some people avoid it, as if the brook were for ever to be hurt by the drops of blood that fell from the wicked Richard. He was slain in the year 1483.

“ Mamma,” said Jane, “ I think there were a great many more bad kings than good ones.”

MAMMA.

There were, indeed, too many ; and the worst of it is, that all who write true tales, as well as those who read the whole history of their country, must know of the bad as well as of the good deeds of their former kings, and of those men who had anything to do with church and state.

JANE.

I think Richard was as bad as King John, mamma; and even worse, for he killed more people.

MAMMA.

I am quite sure there could not be a worse man than Richard was; and since we know of no good that he did, we will not spend our time in talking of him. But I will make haste and write the life of Henry the Seventh, who was the first king of the line of Tudors.

JANE.

I thought, mamma, you said he was a Lancastrian?

MAMMA.

So he was, my dear, on his mother's side; but his father's name was Tudor, and that is why he was so called.

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

The time of Henry the Seventh is thought to be a great era in English history, and is sometimes called the golden age. Henry, to gain the whole love of the English, married a princess of the house of York, the daughter of Edward the Fourth, and thus joined the two parties, which for so many years before had been fighting for the throne. Henry was very fond of peace, and his might have been a happy and quiet reign, if the first part of it had not been made a scene of war, from two young men setting themselves up as heirs to the throne. The first of these was Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker. You will wonder what right he could have to a crown. Some men had told him he was like the Earl of Warwick, the son of that Duke of Clarence that was drowned in a cask of wine. This poor prince was still alive and in prison; so Simnel's tale was, that he had made his escape; and very many took his part, for they, in truth, thought he was the real Earl. In time his plot was found out, and Simnel was very kindly treated by the king, who

took him into his palace, and gave him some office in the kitchen; but I cannot say if he had the care of the bread; a thing much more fit for a baker's son than to reign on a throne.

Peace was hardly made when a second man, named Perkin Warbeck, the son of a Jew, came forward,



PERKIN WARBECK.

aided by a strong party, who made him out to be the little Duke of York, that cruel hunch-backed Richard had put to death ; and though this was so well known, yet very many joined with Warbeck to place him on the throne ; but his deep-laid plot was soon found out, and the false Duke of York was taken. The king, to put a stop to such wild and foolish schemes, caused him to be hanged.

As you said you could learn geography, as well as history, in this very little book, I think I may as well add to your stock of lore, and tell you that the vast piece of land, called America, was found out in this king's reign. Columbus, of Genoa, was sent out by the King of Spain—he was the first man that sailed there, and landed in one of the Bahama islands in 1492. Henry soon after gave money and ships to Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian, to go in search of more land, and he found out a large piece, to which he gave the name of Newfoundland, which I dare say you will think a very good name. One other thing, too, you must try and store up in your little mind is, that Henry's daughter, Margaret, married James the

Fourth, King of Scotland. Think of this, and you will find out, by and bye, why you must take so much care about the Scottish Queen Margaret. The shillings that you are so fond of having on your birthday, from good grandpapa, were first coined in this king's reign ; so what piece of money good little girls and boys had on their birth-days before Henry's reign I cannot tell, but we are quite sure it could not be a shilling. There was nothing more of note took place in Henry's reign : he died of the gout in 1509, and left his peaceful and very wealthy throne to his son, whose name was also Henry.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

The worst foe Henry the Eighth had to fight with, when he came to the crown, was his own cruel and wicked temper ; and I grieve to say he gave way to it through his whole life, so that it was not only a bane to his own peace of mind, but a scourge and plague

of the worst kind, to the nation over which he ruled. Henry soon spent the vast wealth his father left him, in useless wars, and in the vain pomps and follies of life. At first he and the King of France were great friends—he went over to see that king, and the place



MEETING OF HENRY AND FRANCIS.

where they met was so decked out with gold, as well as the men that were there, that it was called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." But not very long after this loving meeting, which cost both realms so much money, Francis, King of France, was heard to say of his dear friend Henry, that he should hold him for ever after his worst foe. Henry also fought against his brother-in-law, James the Fourth, King of Scotland, and killed him at the battle of Flodden-Field.

Cardinal Wolsey made a great stir in the early part of Henry's reign: he was both learned and clever, but too vain and proud to be a good man. He wound himself so entirely round the heart of the king, by seeking to do his will in all things, and at all times, that he rose, step by step, to be Archbishop of York and Chancellor of the realm. As soon as Wolsey had obtained this high rank in the state, his pomp and pride knew no bounds, and Henry now began to tire of the man who had so long been his greatest, though not his best friend. Whim and caprice were the guides of all Henry's actions, and his hatred for Wolsey was now greater than his love had ever been.

The king had all Wolsey's goods seized, and ordered he should be brought to London to take his trial; but so great and sudden a change was too much for the proud prelate: when he got to Leicester Abbey he was found too ill to go on further. "Father Abbot," said he, "I am come to lay my bones with



DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

yours." He was lifted from his mule and put to bed, from which he never rose. Not long before his death he said these words: "Tell the king how much I loved him. He is a noble king and hath a princely heart: for rather than give up his will he would lay waste one half of his kingdom. Oh, had I served my God with as much zeal as I have done my king, he would not now have cast me off in my old age."

Henry had six wives. Ever fond of change, he soon tired of his queens. Catherine, the widow of his brother, was his first wife. As soon as he wished to get rid of her, he found out that she had no right to be his queen, so he sent her from his court and married Anna Boleyn. In time he tired of her, and though she was a most gentle, kind, and good queen, made out some cause against her, and had her head cut off. When you are older you shall read the sweet letter she wrote to her husband, the king, before her death, praying him to be kind to the little princess, her child; and just as she was going to lay down her head on the block, she put her hands round her neck, saying, "Mine is a tiny throat; it will soon be

all over." The very next day the cruel Henry married Jane Seymour—she died in a very short time. He now sent Cromwell abroad to seek him a wife, and one lady being asked, said, "I should be very glad, if I had two heads; but since I have only one I wish to keep it a little longer." One, Ann of Cleves, was found bold enough to take her chance; but she was so ugly that the king could not long bear to have her at court. She was glad to escape with her head; but poor Cromwell, who had brought her over, lost his for his bad choice. His next queen was Catherine Howard, a bad woman—who also had her head taken off. One would think that no lady would, for the sake of being a queen, run so great a risk as to become Henry's wife; but the king's word was law. He chose for his sixth queen Catharine Parr, who had the good chance to save her life, though more than once she was very near sharing the fate of the queens that had gone before her.

Henry wrote a book against Luther, the head of the Lollards at that time, with which the pope was so pleased that he gave him the title of "Defender of

the Faith." Not long after the pope gave Henry some offence, and out of ill-will and spleen, not with any view of doing good to the church, the king put himself at the head of the Lollards, took the title of Defender of their Faith, which has from that time been called the Protestant faith.

At the close of Henry's life, his temper became so bad that no one dared to look, or speak through fear ; and when death came upon him, only one man, of all those about his court, was bold enough to tell him he had not long to live. For the first time in his life Henry was calm and quiet, and made signs to have Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent for ; but before he came the king's speech was gone, and he died in a few moments, in the year 1547, feared by all ; but few could love or mourn a king, who sent men out of the world like sheep, as if they had no souls.

"Mamma," said Jane, "I am sure Henry the Eighth was the worst of all the kings you have yet written about. I could almost cry for the poor

queens ; and I think that lady did quite right not to marry so bad a man."

MAMMA.

I think so too, my dear. The life of Henry proves a useful lesson ; for it shows how much harm may be done by giving way to bad temper. Had Henry kept strict guard over that, he might have made a very much better king and a happier man ; for Henry in early life had not a bad heart, and even through life he stood in awe of the good, quiet, and meek Cranmer ; and the king always took care he should be far away from the scenes of his unjust tyranny.

JANE.

Who was Cranmer, mamma ? You hardly spoke of him in Henry's reign.

MAMMA.

You see, my dear, I write but a sketch of each king's life ; and I sometimes find it hard to speak of all the things I most wish you to know ; for fear I

should tire you with too long a tale. Cranmer was a most worthy and good man, a warm friend to the Protestant faith, and a true and loyal subject to his king. The change of religion, which took place in Henry's time, is one of the most noted eras in English history, and is called the Reformation.

JANE.

You never need think, mamma, you can tire me with such very nice tales, so say all you can in the next.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Henry the Eighth left three children, two princesses and a little Prince of Wales, who, though the youngest of the three, as being a prince, had the first claim to the crown, and he was only nine years old when he was made king. The Duke of Somerset and the good Cranmer helped this little king to reign. Henry had left a strict order that he was to marry

the Scotch princess, Mary, the grandchild of James the Fourth and that Margaret I told you to keep in your mind. She was quite a babe, and the Scotch would not give their word that she should have him. This led to a war, and the English beat the Scotch at the battle of Pinkey and Musselburgh, which made the Scotch in such a rage that they said their princess should never marry the English King Edward; and, as soon as they could with ease and safety, they sent her to France, and gave her in marriage to the eldest son of that king. The Duke of Somerset did all he could to keep the state in peace and quiet; but the new change in the church made the Papists angry, and the Protestants were as bad on their side, so that much blood was shed, which ought not to have been, in so good and holy a cause. Even the good Cranmer, as he grew older, gave some proofs of the errors of the times in which he lived.

The church catechism, as it now is, to the sacraments, was the work of Cranmer; and I dare say you will learn it with greater pleasure, now you know when and by whom it was made. That fine house

too, in the Strand, called Somerset-house, was built for the Duke of Somerset. He had many foes, but his greatest was Dudley, Earl of Warwick: envy and pride led him to say all he could against Somerset; and it is too true that Warwick, with his friends, were the cause of Somerset's being put to death, to the great grief of all the people, who loved him with all their hearts. Warwick now took the charge of the state; and the young king had so very little power that this artful man not only had himself made Duke of Northumberland, but he made Edward will his crown to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, who was the wife of Lord Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland.

I can fancy you will want to know how the king could do this, when he had two sisters; but Northumberland told him they had no right to reign, for Mary, the elder princess, was so strict a Papist that her whole aim would be to get rid of all those who were not; and if Elizabeth, the younger princess, were to reign before Mary, it would be still worse for the peace of the realm. Edward had too good and kind

a heart to see through the depth of Northumberland's art, and though much against his will, he left his crown to Lady Jane Grey.

Edward was yet only fifteen when he gave signs of severe illness, and he was put under the care of an old woman, who, it was said, did great things in the healing art; he, however, got worse and worse, and very soon died. Some go so far as to say that Northumberland, by whose order it was that the king had so bad a nurse, did all he could to help him out of the world. Poor Edward died in 1553.

MARY.

We are now come to the time when we read of England having a queen to rule over her as "Sovereign Ladye of the land." The Duke of Northumberland's first care, on the death of Edward, was to have Lady Jane Grey made queen; but she shrunk from a title to which she knew she had no claim, for she was one of the best and most gentle of her sex, and she



LADY JANE GREY REFUSING TO ACCEPT THE CROWN.

did all she could to pray her father-in-law to alter the late king's will. The English, too, were averse to Northumberland's ill-gotten scheme, and took the part of the princess Mary, who at the end of ten days, was made queen; and Lady Jane Grey went back

with joy to her own quiet home and dear books, which were her chief delight. But Mary did not let her long rest in peace ; she, with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, and the proud Duke of Northumberland, were in a short time put to death.

I have told you that Mary was a most rigid Papist, of a strong mind and an unkind temper, made worse by ill health, and the harsh way in which she had been brought up. She married Philip of Spain, a bad man, and a rigid Papist, whose whole aim was to crush the new religion ; and all the cruelty that fury of zeal could devise was put in full force in this queen's reign. Day after day fires were seen to blaze ; for those Protestants who kept steady in their faith were burnt to death without mercy. Men, women, and even children were alike thrust into the flames, as if they were logs of wood. But in spite of all this, fresh friends rose up in the good cause, fixed and firm in their designs of putting a stop to the errors of the Romish church. The mild and gentle Cranmer, now old and feeble, was among those good and zealous men, who met their cruel death with smiles. Though this good prelate

had, in a blind moment, signed his name as a Papist, he deeply mourned his want of faith ; and, when on the burning pile, held out his hand in the hottest of the flames, that it might be sooner burnt, saying, “ My wicked hand ! ”

We will now close these scenes of horror. Most writers of history make out Mary as the chief plotter and planner of deeds so cruel that they chill one’s blood to think upon ; but a writer of our own times, who has taken every pains to search for the truth of each queen’s life, has, we are glad to say, found out that Mary had a better heart, and though a bigot in her faith, she was in much too ill health to have any rule in the state ; and many, nay most of the cruel acts of her reign were done by order of Philip, her husband, without the queen’s knowing anything of them. You will be glad to hear something in excuse of our first queen, and as soon as you are old enough you must read the work of the fair writer, who has so kindly made it her study to speak the praises due to British queens.

The English lost Calais, their only town in France, in this queen’s reign. Mary took it so much to heart

that she said, at her death, Calais would be found graven on her heart. She died soon after this, in the year 1558.

I must tell you that pins were not made in England till about this time ; the ladies used, before this, to have fine skewers of wood to fasten their dresses. Drinking glasses too were only just made, and they were so scarce that they were thought of much more value than those of silver. Looking-glasses also were very rare—ladies used to carry small ones in their pockets ; so you see they were vain even in those days.

ELIZABETH.

The joy of the English knew no bounds when Elizabeth was made queen. This princess had never been on terms with Mary, for they had been taught to hate each other from their birth, and as they grew up, their strong passions marked more strongly the dislike they had to each other.

When Mary came to the crown, and during the

whole of that queen's reign, Elizabeth was forced to hide herself, to escape her wrath. Elizabeth was a strict Protestant, and she had not been long queen before that religion was spread throughout the land ; but so mild and gentle were the means used by this wise queen, to effect so great a change, that no blood was shed. She chose men of rank, talent, and good faith to fill the high offices of state ; and it was owing to their wise and discreet rule that Elizabeth's reign was one of such great glory. She had a lion's heart ; but it would have been better, had her temper been more marked by the soft and tender nature of the gentle dove. Vanity and pride were among her faults, and as she grew old they gained great power over her strong mind. Elizabeth kept firm to her plan of never marrying, though her hand was sought by many princes, among whom was Philip of Spain ; but, 'of course, it was not at all likely she would marry a man, who had done so much harm in the last reign.

Elizabeth's cousin, the Scottish princess Mary, and now Queen of Scotland, was unwise enough to try for the English throne, which made the

two queens deadly foes, though they always wrote to each other as "most loving sisters." Mary had been brought up in a French court, and her extreme beauty and wit, had made her the theme of praise, and no doubt spoiled a heart that would have been alive to every female virtue, had she been better taught in her youth. I am one of those that hope poor Mary was not so bad as many, who have written her life, make her out to be. When you are older you shall judge for yourself: but I fear, young as you are, I must tell you of some deeds, that will make you think ill of her. This young queen's first husband was King of France; at his death she came back to Scotland, and soon married Lord Darnley, whom she could not bear: in a short time he was found dead; and I fear it is too true that Mary knew more of his death than a good and loving wife and queen ought. At all events, she gave proofs of her guilt, for she very soon married Bothwell, who was well known to have been privy to the murder. By this step she lost the love of the Scotch: they would not allow her to reign any longer, but gave the crown

to her little son, James. Mary came to England to beg "her loving sister," Elizabeth, to be her friend. Nothing could be more pleasing to Elizabeth than to have the Queen of Scots in her power: she said all that was kind, and at the same time put her in prison. When Mary found out she could not go where she pleased, she did all she could to get free; and secret plots were made by her, and her friends, not only to effect this, but to place her on the English throne. By some means Elizabeth heard of it, and the unhappy Mary was sent to Fotheringay, where she spent eighteen years, during which time attempts were again made to release her; and Elizabeth's friends went so far as to say, she could neither expect nor hope for peace whilst Mary lived: so this poor queen was brought to trial, and at last put to death.

It is said, that Elizabeth was in sad grief at the idea of having to sign Mary's death-warrant, and that she put it off from day to day. At last, however, she made up her mind to it, and sent it off in great haste; but when she heard of Mary's death, she was so angry with the man for having been the bearer of her order,

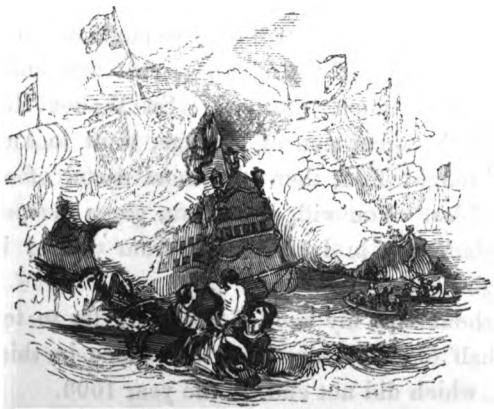
that she had him killed too. She also shut herself up, and would see no one for many days.

This is a sad tale to have to tell you ; but it took up so many years of Elizabeth's reign, that I could not avoid giving you this short sketch of poor Mary's unhappy reign.



ELIZABETH ADDRESSING HER TROOPS AT TILBURY FORT.

When Philip found the English queen would not have him, he set to work to man a fleet of such power and size as to crush the whole English nation—it was called “the Spanish armada.” The English made every effort to oppose so vast a fleet, and the queen



DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

rode on horseback to Tilbury Fort, and there made a noble speech to her brave men. It is in vain to say how this war at sea would have ended, but the Almighty power of God shone forth, and staid the awful battle. A raging storm of thunder, wind, and rain beat the Spanish fleet to pieces, and England was still saved in peace and glory.

The queen's navy was now so strong that many ships were sent out to find new land, and to trade with other parts of the world, so that arts and commerce were much improved. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the great men of her age, went to America, and brought from there the most useful of all our vegetables. You will, I am sure, guess the potatoe. He planted it in Ireland, and from thence it was brought to England.

I should fill my book if I were to try to tell you one half of the things that took place in this long reign, which did not end till the year 1603.

JANE.

Cannot you tell me one little tale, mamma, since you say you know so many?

MAMMA.

I will think, my dear. Yes. I must tell you a little about the Earl of Essex. He was a very handsome man, and the queen was very fond of him. She, at times, made so free with her subjects as to thump them on the back; rather a rough and rude thing to do, and very unlike a lady, you will say. But Elizabeth had great spirits, and sometimes forgot her high rank; yet, she was always angry if any one showed any want of respect to her.. Once Essex turned his back to her, for which she gave him a smart box on the ear. He was so angry that he hastily put his hand on his sword, and the queen sent him away in a rage.

JANE.

I do not think it was right of the queen to box a man's ears.

MAMMA.

Perhaps not. Elizabeth and Essex never got on very well after this ; but she gave him a ring to keep, saying, that if he were ever in any scrape, he was to send it to her, and she would help him out of it.

JANE.

Did he ever want to use it, mamma ?

MAMMA.

You shall hear. Essex was mad enough to form some plots against the state, for which he was brought to trial, and ordered to be put to death. He thought of his ring, when he heard he was to die, and sent it by the Countess of Nottingham to the queen, who was in an agony of mind about her friend Essex. It was not given to her, and Essex lost his head. In about two years after, the Countess of Nottingham, being on her death-bed, sent for the queen, and told her of the ring. The queen, in her fury, shook the dying countess, and then left the

room ; but from that time Elizabeth ate no food, nor took any notice of the passing events. She kept in this state for about ten days, and then died.

JANE.

I do not much like Queen Elizabeth, after all. How cruel of her to shake the poor countess !

MAMMA.

I cannot say anything in favour of so bad a deed. It is another proof how right it is that children should have their passions kept under when they are young, lest, when they grow old, like Queen Elizabeth, they get the mastery of their better judgment.

Before I close this reign I must tell you that silk stockings were so rare, that even queens did not wear them often. Elizabeth, however, had some, and she was so well pleased with them, that she would wear no others. Stockings were, in those times, mostly made of cloth.

JANE.

What ugly things they must have been !

MAMMA.

They were, my dear; and we may be glad that we live in times when arts and commerce are so far advanced, that with a long purse we can buy all that is pleasing to the eye, and to the most refined taste. Elizabeth was the last of the Tudors.

JANE.

Why, mamma, who could reign after Elizabeth?

MAMMA.

Elizabeth left no heirs, either as a brother, sister, son, or daughter; so that by right the crown now fell to James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, and the first king of the line of Stuart. You do not forget how James came to have a claim upon the English crown.

JANE.

Now I see, mamma, why I had to think about Margaret, Henry the Seventh's daughter; for it was through her, was it not?

MAMMA.

I find you still bear in your mind Margaret's marriage to James the Fourth ; so I will now give you a sketch of his great-grandson, and Elizabeth's third cousin, James the First.

JAMES THE FIRST.

James found no one, either in England or Scotland, who put in a claim against his being made king of both these realms ; though he had not long worn the crown before a silly plot was formed, to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. The brave Sir Walter Raleigh was said to be the leader in this affair, for which he was put in prison ; and though pardon was granted him, and he was set free, yet some time after he was put to death.

A plot of a still deeper dye was also formed in the early part of this reign, which is known by the name of "The Gunpowder-Plot." The Papists were at the

head of it; for they were in a great rage to find that James was a strict Protestant, and a warm friend to that cause, though his mother was a Papist; they, therefore, were mad enough to form a plan to kill him, with every leader in the state. For this they hired the vaults under the House of Lords, and filled



THE GUNPOWDER-PLOT.

them with faggots and gunpowder, to blow up the house when the king and lords should be there.

Percy, who was at the head of it, wrote a letter to his friend, Lord Montea^gle, to warn him not to go to the house that night. It was written in such an odd way that Lord Montea^gle showed it to his friends; and all were struck with fear, though none could find out what was meant by it. At last it was shown to the king; and he said it would be better to make a search, and try to find out its hidden meaning, for it was quite plain that a great harm was going to be done. When they got to the vaults they started back, for there stood Guy Fawkes, wrapt up in a large cloak, with a face as black as a coal, and with matches and tinder, ready to set fire to the whole train of gunpowder, and thus blow up the house. He was taken, and in a short time the whole of this deep-laid and horrid plot was found out, and all those who had taken lead in it were put to death. A service of prayer and thanksgiving was formed, and read in all churches on the fifth of November; and it has ever since been a day set apart to go to the house of God, and there thank Him for



THE TAKING OF GUY FAWKES

his great mercy, in having brought to nought the foul plot of the Papists to destroy the reformed faith.

And now you will know why boys make such fun on the fifth of November, with the bundles of rags and wooden dolls they dress up as Guy Fawkes, shouting and crying as they run him through the streets, and then at night burn him, as a proof of their dislike to even this image of the man who might have done so much harm.

All now looked upon King James as the wisest of men, since he was the only one that had the skill to find out the plot : but I am sorry to say this is the only proof he gave of good sense, for he is thought to have been a weak king ; and, as a proof of it, he chose those men for his bosom friends who had only wit, beauty, and wild ways to gain his esteem. Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had, by turns, entire sway over this king ; and the latter of these went with Prince Charles, or as the king called him, " Baby Charles," though he was a man grown, to seek a wife abroad. James wished him to marry a Spanish princess, but Charles liked the daughter of the French king better. He was a gay young man, and he, with the king's ill-chosen

friends, spent a vast deal of money, so that the state was now quite poor.

James was very fond of field-sports, and he had ready wit. He once begged the Earl of Mar to lend him a pair of silk stockings, which he liked so well that he danced in them, till he wore them full of holes. The Bible and Prayer-book were made perfect in their translation, as they are at this day. James the First died of an ague in 1625.

CHARLES.

When Charles came to the crown he was young and gay, full of fun, and amidst the sunshine of the court he little dreamed of the sad events that were to mark his reign. Among his faults were a hasty temper, and too great pride: these were the causes of all his woes, for Charles had an idea that now he was king, his will and his word were to be law. He soon found out the English people had a great voice in the state. Charles wanted money, and he imposed new taxes, which

the commons would not hear of, and the king in anger told them to retire from the house, and fresh members were found to take their places. They were of the same mind as the last, and told the king the people would not be so taxed. The result of it was, that the whole realm was one scene of strife—war broke out between the two parties. The friends of the king were few in number to those of the people, and his party was beaten time after time. The fury of the commons set no bounds to their rage against the king: they hunted him as a wild beast, and poor Charles, at length worn out, and finding he had no chance to stay the storm, gave himself up to the Scots, and asked them to shelter him, and let him rest in peace among them. With open arms they bade him welcome; but the poor king soon found out that he was nothing better than a captive in their hands; and you will scarce credit, that they sold their king to his worst foes in England.

Charles had now no longer any hopes left: care and grief had taught him, that the pride of man is but a vain thing, and he now put his trust in God. In

true piety and firm faith, Charles believed that He would support him through all trials, and he gave himself up with a serene mind to his wicked people. The good Juxon, Bishop of London, never left him. For two years he lived in the Isle of Wight, and even the most harsh of his keepers melted into pity when they saw their king thus fallen. At last, like mad dogs, man's fury ran to such a height against poor Charles, that they sought his life, and sent for him to London to come and take his trial.

Cromwell was now at the head of this wretched party, and the king was exposed to every insult, that a vulgar and ill-thinking people could devise. At the end of three days, Charles was told that he must die; and, as he left the court, the soldiers and rabble cried out in fresh terms of contempt. One even went so far as to spit in his face. "Poor souls," cried the king, as he passed by, "they would do the same to those whom they now call their friends, for sixpence." The two elder of his sons were in France; but leave was given him to see the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, who was not more than



three years old. The king took his little son in his arms, and, with a father's fond kiss, he said, "My child, they will cut off thy father's head: yes, they will cut off my head, and make thee a king; but mark what I say—thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive. They will

cut off their heads when they can take them, and thy head too, they will cut off at last; and therefore I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." The little duke, child as he was, burst into tears, and said, "I will be torn in pieces first." The king then took leave of his sweet children, and turned to his Bible,



KING CHARLES TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY.

there to read and learn, that the good and pious would meet with better things in the world to come.

At last the sad morning came when the King of England was led to the scaffold. The good Juxon was with him to the last moment, praying with him, and giving him comfort. "Remember!" was the last word he spake to this good prelate; and soon after the madman, who had struck off his head, held it up to the people, crying out, "Look at the traitor's head!" Those very men who had done all they could to kill their king, now gave a groan and shudder, when they saw what they had done. Very few were found who did not, now it was too late, repent of their crime, and wish him again alive.

Let us now close this sad scene, which must for ever be a blot upon the heads of those who took any share in so shameful a deed. Charles was killed in 1649. There is a service read in many churches on the 30th of January, in memory of this event, that men may still bear in mind the sad tale that marks this page of England's history.

“Mamma,” said Jane, “I think there were worse men in Charles’s reign than any other, because he was not a bad man.

MAMMA.

Charles’s worst fault was his great pride ; this made him, when he came to the crown, forget the right his subjects had to have a voice in the state ; and they, angry at their word being set at nought, rose up in arms, and went on, step by step, till they lost every feeling of duty and loyalty, which at last ended in the murder of their king.

JANE.

What did they do when they had killed poor King Charles, mamma ?

MAMMA.

Cromwell, one of the leaders of their party, was put at the head of the state, and he took the title of Protector, whilst his government is called the Commonwealth.

JANE.

I do not wish to hear much about him, for I am sure I shall not like any man so bad as he must have been.

MAMMA.

Then I will say very little about him.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

All the leaders in the party that had wished to do away with a king, thought they had now an equal right to rule over the state ; but Cromwell, who was a very clever man, had all along made up his mind to place himself at the head ; but he had the skill to keep his designs so secret that not even his own friends knew what they were ; and not a few felt sadly put out, to find the very man who had been so loud against the late king's rigid rule, now place himself at the head of the whole state ; and though he did not

choose to take the title of king, he soon gave proofs that they were much worse off with him at the head than they had been with poor Charles.

Cromwell wanted to get rid of the parliament, and to do this he had the art to offer them terms which he knew they would refuse. He then went to the house in a great rage, turned out all the members, locked the doors, and put the keys in his pocket. He then chose men of the lowest and meanest birth to take their places, who made out there was no want of clergy, that books were of no use; and, in short, all that tended to the good order of the state, and to the making men's minds better, was vain, and to be done away with. This was called "The Barebone Parliament," from a man of that name being in it, who was a leather-seller. You will smile, I dare say, at the idea of such a thing.

Those of the nobles, and higher sort of men, who had taken Cromwell's part, now began to turn from him in disgust; even his own children were against him, and one of his daughters, on her death-bed, who was a friend in heart to poor Charles, talked to



OLIVER CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE PARLIAMENT.

him so much of the great sin he had done, that Cromwell was never seen to smile after it. His fear of harm gives the strongest proof, that though so great in the world's eye, how little peace of mind he had in owning it. He always wore an entire suit of armour under his dress, never slept more than two nights in the same room, and when he went out he took care to return by another road. All this was done through fear of losing his life, for his guilty soul ever kept alive the late king's murder; and though Cromwell wished to be thought a saint, his actions too plainly showed him to have been a great sinner. Plain and ugly clothes, hair cut close to the head, and a face wrung about in the most rueful way, were the signs of religion in his time. It was thought a great sin to smile, as well as to dress gaily; and merry faces and cheerful hearts, the only signs of that true religion and faith which speak peace and comfort, sought to hide themselves in the cloak of all this false view of religion.

Cromwell's wretched life ended in the year 1658. He left the care of the state to his son Richard, who

had no wish to be a great man, and soon gave up his claim in favour of Charles, who, in Cromwell's time, was known only by the name of "Charles Stuart," for the title of "Prince of Wales" was denied him. This prince was in France at the death of his father; but at the request of the Scotch he paid them a visit a short time after, and was welcomed by them as their king. But as Charles was of a gay turn of mind, he could ill brook the restraint he was put under by them, though he had the good sense to yield to their will.

Cromwell went with an army into Scotland, when Prince Charles was glad to make his escape. Many tales are told of the hair-breadth escapes he had to evade his foes. At one time he was forced to dress as a servant, at another to feign illness, and one whole day he spent in an OAK-TREE, and was so well sheltered by its leaves, that he saw groups of people beneath in search of him, and yet he rested there unseen and unhurt. In time he made his way to France, and kept there till General Monk (who had, at one time, been Cromwell's friend) went over to bring him back in secret.



KING CHARLES IN THE OAK.

When all Monk's plans were ready for placing Charles on the throne, he asked the people whether they would again like to have a king; and I cannot tell you the shouts of joy that ran through the crowds of people, when they saw their king restored to them in the person of Charles the Second.

JANE.

How glad I am that you are going to tell me of another king. I hope Charles the Second did not forget to punish those wicked men who had helped to kill his poor father.

MAMMA.

Perhaps you do not forget that when Charles the First was on the scaffold he said, "Remember!" to the good Bishop Juxon.

JANE.

No, I do not, mamma; and I should like to know what he meant by it.

MAMMA.

In the midst of all his griefs Charles did not forget the divine precepts of our blessed Lord, "to be merciful to those that hate and despitefully use us." And he made Juxon promise him, that he would counsel his son Charles not to avenge the wrongs he had received from his misled people.

JANE.

He was, indeed, a good man, mamma; and I hope his son Charles made as nice a king.

MAMMA.

Charles the Second's coming to the throne forms one of the most noted epochs in our history, and is called the Restoration. You shall soon judge for yourself what you think of his reign.



CHARLES II. LANDING AT DOVER.



CHARLES THE SECOND.

When Charles came to the throne he was in the prime of life, and in spite of the cares and griefs that had cast so dark a cloud over his early years, he had lost none of that gaiety, mirth, and good-humour with which he was born: the only pity is, that his love of pleasure was so great, that he forgot every kingly duty in giving up his whole time and thoughts to the most idle and vain pursuits, so that the time in which he lived may, in truth, be called the age of folly and vice. Many of the works written in his time had no other merit to bring them into notice, and the more idle and wild men were, so much the more were they the friends of the foolish Charles. I grieve to have to draw so sad a picture, for you will guess that the smiles of joy that beamed on every face, when Charles the Second took the title of king, were soon changed into frowns at his sad unthinking ways. The wise Clarendon did all he could, whilst he had the power, to reform and repress the growing evils; but he was too good a man

to keep his post long. Charles's vile friends had too much power over him to allow of good men having any rule in the state. Clarendon lost his office, and went abroad to end his days in peace. Five of the worst men in the realm now took the lead in the state, and did all they could to bring it to ruin; but in time they fell into disgrace, and wiser men stepped in their places, to save it from so sad a fate.

Charles married for money, and when he had gained that, he thought no more of his queen and wife, for whom he never had any love.

There was a long war with the Dutch in this reign, and plot after plot took place; but most of these were found out before any harm came from them. One was called, "The Meal-tub Plot," from one of the party being found hid in a meal-tub. Another had the name of "The Rye-house Plot," given to it, from a like cause. Most of the leaders were brought to trial, and much blood was shed.

If Charles had any religion at all, he was at heart a Papist; and his brother, the Duke of York, the heir

M

to the throne, (for Charles had no sons,) was a most violent one.



FIRE OF LONDON.

In the year 1666 London was a scene of the most severe distress, from a plague which broke out, and which raged to such an awful extent as to kill many thousands; and in the next year a fire burnt a great part of the city. It must have been a dreadful sight to have seen whole streets thus laid waste. Charles, for a time, seemed struck with awe at the fearful sight, and for awhile forgot his mad career of vice; but no sooner was the danger past than he went on as before, even till the close of his reign. He died of apoplexy in the year 1685, mourned only by those who live for this world, save as all good Christians must have felt hurt that he had not made a better use of nature's gifts; for had he known how to rule his feelings, he might have been one of the best of kings.

Charles the Second was very fond of birds and dogs. The Bird-cage Walk, in St. James's Park, was planted by him, and is so called, some say, from the number of cages that hung on the trees, full of singing-birds; others, that it took its name from the French word *bocage*, which means a grove. The

king used to love to sit there, and amuse himself with the tame ducks; he also had a large number of dogs, and some nice little spaniels are still called after his name.

JAMES THE SECOND.

In spite of the great pains that had been taken, in the late king's reign, to prevent James from reigning, on account of his being so strict a Papist, yet, on the death of Charles, he was made king; and it was very soon seen that James's first wish was to make all the people return to the Popish faith. He placed many Papists both in Oxford and Cambridge, by turning out the heads of colleges, to make way for them. The Bishop of London and six other bishops were sent to the Tower, for daring to oppose the king's wishes. They were brought to trial, and acquitted. Westminster Hall rang with peals of joy when they were set free. James heard the noise, and being told it was nothing but the bishops being set at large,



SEVEN BISHOPS SENT TO THE TOWER.

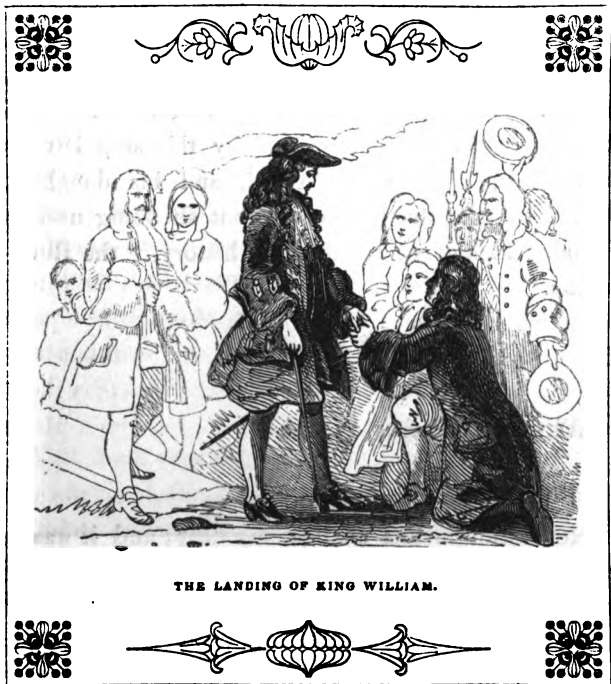
said, "Call you that nothing? So much the worse for them."

There was a plot in this reign to place the Duke of Monmouth on the throne, who was dearly loved by the common people. Many pity him for the hard-

ships he endured, in trying to gain a throne to which he had no claim ; and when he failed in that scheme, in the dangers he went through, to hide himself from the friends of James. He was at last, by means of blood-hounds, found hidden under some fern, and brought to trial. He pleaded before the king to spare his life, but it was of no avail ; and however just his sentence of death was, yet the manner in which it was done makes one's blood run cold to think upon. Three times the man tried to chop off Monmouth's head, and could not succeed ; he then threw down his axe, saying he could not do it. The poor duke, bleeding from his wounds, and without the power of speech, turned up his eyes as if to pray them to make haste. Again the man tried, and poor Monmouth was freed from all pain.

James's zeal for the Romish faith now rose to such a pitch, that all good Protestants began to think it time to make some stir in the state. The king's daughter, Mary, had married William, Prince of Orange, and the English asked him to come over and save them from the ruin that hung over them ; he

therefore set sail from a port in Holland, and landed in the south of England. The Princess Anne,



THE LANDING OF KING WILLIAM.

James's beloved child, took part against her father in favour of the Protestants. When the king heard it he cried out, in the most bitter anguish, "God help me, my own children have forsaken me!" A broken heart and a weak cause made him quietly yield up his crown. He fled with his queen and infant son to France, in the year 1688, and by this step left his son-in-law, William the Third, and his daughter, Mary, to take the throne, without shedding useless blood. This event is called, in history, "the Revolution."

JANE.

Why is it called so, mamma?

MAMMA.

Revolution means change, my dear; and it was a great change for one king to give up a throne, because he could not follow his will, to a new king, who was asked to fill that throne, upon his promise to rule in a new way.

JANE.

But it was a hard thing for his own children to turn him away. And why did not the Prince of Wales reign, mamma? for you said he had a son, and I thought princes always reigned before princesses.

MAMMA.

The reason was, my dear, that the little prince was brought up in the same faith as the king, his father; and, since the Reformation, you know, that no Popish king or queen has been allowed to reign on the British throne.

JANE.

Well, I am very sorry for poor James. Did he live long after? I think I should very soon have died of grief, had I been made so unhappy.

MAMMA.

I will tell you in the next reign, of William and Mary, what became of James.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

As I fancy you will be very glad to know what became of James the Second, I will begin the reign of William and Mary, by telling you that part of it which relates to him. The Irish would hear of no other king than James, for they were, like him, strict Papists ; so James went over to Ireland, and was very soon joined by a large number of friends. William went there too, with a large army, and the two kings fought a very noted battle on the banks of the Boyne ; and I dare say you will hear with much grief that James lost the day. He did not fight much, and when he saw the Irish attack the English with all their might, he was many times heard to say, " Oh, spare my English subjects !" for he forgot that he was no longer their king, and that now they were his foes.

After this battle James went back to France, and lived at St. Germain in peace and quiet, till he died, in 1701. James spent the last years of his life in doing good to the poor of his own faith, and in every virtue of a pious and holy monk.

A bill was passed in England to prevent his son coming to that throne, on account of his religion; and James taught the young prince never to swerve from his faith, for any crown. The English did not at all like their new king, William: he seemed to care for nothing but war, and it was only then that he showed any signs of life or spirit.

Queen Mary was a very kind and good woman—she died in the year 1694, of the small-pox; and William showed as much grief for her loss as a cold and senseless heart could feel. He from this time reigned alone, but there is nothing in his reign to amuse or please you. The Scotch could not agree with him, so they went to war. William also made war against France, for Louis, the king of that country, took the part of James and his son.

You have heard of Peter the Great—he was Emperor of Russia, which was at that time in a very rude state, and Peter did all he could to improve the minds and manners of his people, by going to the courts of Holland, France, and England, to see in what way this was best to be done. He was pleased with the

grand ships of our nation ; and that he might know how to build them, he worked in the ship-yards like a common man. This was a noble act in a man of such high rank. William was riding one day from London to Kensington, and fell from his horse : though at the time he was not thought to be much hurt, yet it was the cause of his death in a few days after, 1702. James the Second's daughter, Anne, who had married George, Prince of Denmark, was now made Queen of England, for William and Mary left no children.

ANNE.

We are now come to the days of good Queen Anne ; and you for one will be glad to hear that no sooner was her father turned off the throne than she felt much hurt for the part she had taken against him ; and her grief for his woes was so great, that it is said she never quite regained her spirits ; and she was

often heard to say, that God punished her for her want of duty, by letting all her children die young. She had six, and not one of them lived to be more than eleven years of age. There was much war abroad in the reign of Anne. The English, Dutch, and Germans fought on the same side, and were called the allied army. The French and Spaniards fought against them, and many battles were won by the allies, through the bravery and skill of Anne's officers, by sea and land: but yet the laurels they won for England's queen, brought more glory to the nation, than increase of wealth.

The most noted of Anne's brave officers was the great Duke of Marlborough, and as a reward for his toils and labours in war, Blenheim Park, with its noble house, was given to him and his heirs. The Duchess of Marlborough too, was in high favour with the queen; but she played a deep game to keep herself and her friends in power, which Anne in time heard of; and she at last saw that the duchess was not so good a woman as she thought her to be; and both the duke and duchess lost the royal favour, and spent their

latter years in cold neglect of a court which, for so many years, had been led by them.

I must not forget to tell you of the brave Sir George Rooke—he was a naval officer, and by his skill gained the fort of Gibraltar, which I think you know is in the south of Spain, and which has since been a place of great comfort and safety to the English shipping; but the English were so ungrateful that they did not even give Sir George Rooke thanks for the great good he had done his country, in gaining so strong a fort as Gibraltar; but, to their shame be it spoken, this brave officer was, in a short time, removed from his command in the navy.

Scotland became more closely united to England in Anne's reign: till her time the Scots had a parliament of their own; but ever since, they have sent members to the English houses of Lords and Commons. It was in this reign too, that the Whigs and Tories made so much stir. The queen's ministers were chosen by turns, from both parties; but at last the Tories took the lead in the state. Queen Anne was sadly worn by the disputes of these two parties.

She had many severe illnesses before she died ; and when she felt her health sinking she sent to Hanover, to ask the elector, who was the great grandson of James the First, to come and take the crown upon her death. She died in a kind of fit, in 1714, deeply mourned by all, for she was a good and a kind queen.

JANE.

I think Anne's was a very dull reign, mamma. There is not one funny tale in it.

MAMMA.

I thought you would find it so, my dear ; for you are yet too young to enter into the wars which from this time filled all Europe with dismay. But I will tell you of one thing that I know will please you.

JANE.

What is that, mamma ?

MAMMA.

The great Sir Isaac Newton lived in Queen Anne's

reign ; and we have to thank him for telling us the true course of the planets.

JANE.

What do you mean by planets, mamma ?

MAMMA.

They are stars in the heavens, my dear, which move round the sun at certain distances. The earth in which we live is one of these planets.

JANE.

What, mamma ! Is this great world that we live in only a star in the sky ? I thought all the stars that we see belonged to our world.

MAMMA.

Then you thought quite wrong, my love ; and you have to thank Sir Isaac Newton for telling you more than any other man, of the thousands of stars which you see in the skies, each of which may perhaps be a world like our own. But these are God's secrets,

and we must be content to praise him for his great goodness in letting them gain light from the sun, to cheer our dark and gloomy nights.

JANE.

Why, what wonders, mamma! I shall not call Anne's reign dull any more; for I want to know of stars and planets. May I have Sir Isaac Newton's book, when I am older?

MAMMA.

You may, my dear, as well as every other work that will improve your young mind, and lead you to think more deeply of the wonders of the great and good God. Now I am going to tell you of our own line of kings, the last in English history.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

I do not wish to puzzle your little mind too much, and yet I should like you to know how the Elector of

N

Hanover, who was now made king, under the title of George the First, had any claim upon our throne, and to do this I must lead you back to the times of James the First. That king had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Frederic, the Elector Palatine of Hanover, and their daughter, Sophia, was the mother of our king, George the First, the first of the house of Hanover, and the great-grandson of James the First of England, and sixth of Scotland.

The Whig and Tory ministers still kept up their quarrels. George was a friend to the Whigs; and when the Tories found they had lost their power at court, some of them were mad enough to join a party to place James the Second's son, James Edward Stuart, on the throne, who, though the lawful son of that king, could not reign in England, as he was too strict a Papist to take the coronation oath to keep up the reformed religion, which all kings are obliged to do, and have been made to do since the time of Henry the Eighth. The Scotch clung like hive-bees to the line of Stuart, and with the Earl of Mar at their head, gained so large a force, that they sent to

ask James Edward, or the Pretender, as he is called, to come to them, and they made him king of their country; but the Duke of Argyle, with a large army, on the side of George the First, met the Pretender and his friends at Sheriff Muir, and there won the day so far, that the Pretender thought it better not to pursue his design of making himself king; he therefore very coolly thanked his warm and faithful friends for what they had done, told them he had no more money to spend, and then made off as fast as he could, to save his own life; not caring in the least how the kind friends that had come forward to help him, would get out of their scrape. A battle was fought at Preston, in England, on the very same day, between the friends of the two parties, and with the same ill success for the Pretender's cause. Most of the rebels were put to death, and all those of note had to suffer for their rash attempt to replace a Papist on the throne. One only had the good luck to save his head, and this he did through the love of his good and faithful wife. Lady Nithsdale had leave to visit her lord in the Tower; and she, with a

friend, dressed him up as a woman, and by this means he got out. The English had no very great love for George the First, for they thought, and perhaps with truth, that he was too fond of his German subjects. From some cause his queen never came to England, for she and the king did not live on good terms.

George the First was on his way to Hanover when he was seized with a sudden illness—he felt his end drawing near, and he begged to be taken to Osnaburg, for with his last breath he called out “Osnaburg! Osnaburg!” but on reaching that city he was found dead in his coach, in 1721.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

George the Second was made King of England and Hanover as soon as the news of the late king's sudden death was brought over. I think you are much too young to enter with spirit into the wars which begun, in this king's reign, to fill not only all Europe, but all those foreign lands that were

under the power of her different states. France and Spain were still England's foes, and fought, both by sea and land, against Britain and her allies.

George the Second is the last of our kings that fought in the field of battle. This was at Dettingen, in Germany, where he won the day for the Queen Maria Theresa, of Hungary.

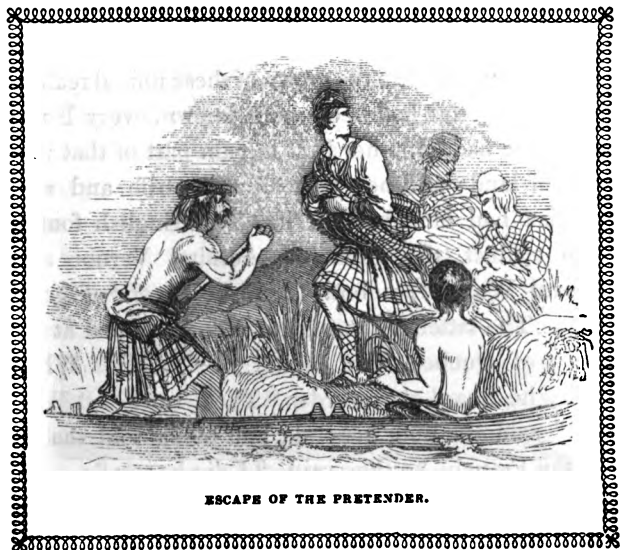
Though the Stuart party met with such ill success in the last reign, they tried their chance once more in this. James Edward had a son, named Charles, who went by the name of the young Pretender. This prince set sail for Scotland, to join his friends there; and at Perth, and many other towns, his father was once more made king. So many were added to his party that he came into England, took Carlisle, and made the best of his way to London, without defeat. The fears of his friends would not let him reach that city, so they marched back to Scotland, still with firm purpose to fight there for the crown. King George and his brother, the brave Duke of Cumberland, were abroad at the time: they made all the haste they could home, and the Duke of Cumberland went with all

speed into Scotland, and fought there the ever noted battle of Culloden, in which he gained so entire a victory, that neither Prince Charles nor his friends ever after tried to regain the throne.



BATTLE OF CULLODEN

The Duke of Cumberland was a brave man, but I am sorry to say that he showed great cruelty to the poor men who fell into his power. Prince Charles went through great hardships to save his life; and he had to hide and disguise himself for five whole months before he could return to France in safety;



ESCAPE OF THE PRETENDER.

and his face was so sadly changed by one year's care and sorrow, that no one knew him when he got there. You will be vexed to hear that he became so bad a man in his old age, that not even his firmest friends could feel either love or pity for his fallen state. The good King, George the Third, gave a sum of money yearly, to support his family as long as they lived; and thus ends the Stuart line of kings, which but a few years since had worn the crown of these united realms.

Since America had been made known, every European state had done her best to gain part of that vast tract of land; and now that all was strife and war, America had her share of it. The English fought there against the French. Admiral Vernon and General Wolfe were both English officers of great fame. The latter of these great men was killed at the taking of Quebec, the capital of Canada. When dying, he heard the words, "They run!" "Who run?" said the poor general; and being told that it was the French, he then said, "I die happy."

The American war lasted so long that it was called "The seven years' war." Canada, with many other

forts and islands, were now added to the British throne. I am sure you will think the people were mad after war, for they fought as much in the East Indies as in the West ; besides in many parts of Europe. Lord Clive won many laurels for the English in the East Indies, for which he had both lands and money given him : still these did not make him happy, and in a fit of frenzy he killed himself.

Lord Anson, too, was another brave English hero—he was a naval officer, and made a voyage quite round the world, with three ships, two of which were lost, and very many of his poor crew died of a most severe sea-sickness, called the scurvy. He had the good luck, after many trials, to regain the English shores, and brought back so much wealth that he had taken from the Spaniards, that it took thirty-two wag-gons to bring it to London. You will be glad to hear that his faithful sailors came in for a large share of this vast wealth.

The good Queen Caroline died many years before the king—her quiet and many virtues made her deeply mourned by the nation, and the king too felt his loss

most keenly, though it is said he was not the kindest of husbands. The Prince of Wales, too, died before his father; but he left a son, who came to the crown upon the death of George the Second, who died very suddenly at Kensington, in the year 1760.

JANE.

I think there was more war in this reign than in any you have yet told me of.

MAMMA.

You are quite right, my dear. I am no soldier, and therefore always grieve when I think of the thousands of lives that were lost in the wars that then raged to such a fearful extent.

JANE.

Why, the whole world was at war in George the Second's time, I think. I am quite tired of so many battles; and the best thing I heard of in this reign

was of those dear Scotch, who were so kind to the poor Stuarts.

MAMMA.

Men should always keep their word, when they have once made a promise ; but you have too often heard, even in this little work, of many cruel and treacherous acts ; and these same Scotch people, who you are now praising so much, were among the worst who broke their faith to the Stuart line of kings.

JANE.

Wicked men ! Yes, I remember. It was the Scotch that gave up that poor King Charles the First, whom I love so very much. I shall be glad when I am old enough to read a very large book about him.

MAMMA.

In your love for Charles you must not forget there are many other kings who will claim an equal share of your attention, when you are better able to

understand their history ; and foremost of that number will be our own line of kings, whose history is so united with politics and state, which led to such universal war, that children, young as yourself, cannot enter into it with any zest ; therefore I feel that these latter reigns will be so much shortened, that you must, when you are old enough, read them with your utmost diligence.

JANE.

So I will, mamma ; but still I am quite sure I shall never care much for the wars you have just been telling me of.

MAMMA.

But perhaps you will like to hear that the Foundling-hospital you went to see a few days since, was founded in George the Second's reign ; and Blackfriars-bridge was built. The style of the year, too, was changed, and the first of January made the first day in the year, which till this time had begun in March.

JANE.

What do you mean by the style of the year, mamma?

MAMMA.

Why, this is too hard a thing for you to know much about. Our year is said to contain three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours; but there are a few minutes over in each year, which, in course of time, made too many days for the year; so that all the quarters were reckoned eleven days earlier, and this is why we have now two Christmas days, two Midsummer, two Michaelmas, and two Lady-days, which are called the old and the new. But I must not talk any more, for I want to finish my tales.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

Good King George the Third was the grandson of the late king—his mother, the Dowager Princess of Wales, was by no means a favourite of that monarch,

and in consequence, she, with her children, had lived far from court, so that when George the Third was called to the throne he knew very little of the great anxiety and many troubles that his new title brought with it. He was the most dutiful of sons, the best of husbands, and the fondest of fathers ; in short, every virtue that a well-turned and truly religious mind could embrace, were the leading features in the character of this noblest of kings and best of men. George married, in the second year of his reign, Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, a German Protestant princess, whose many virtues shone in full lustre, amidst her numerous family and in the busy scenes of social and domestic life. Thirteen of her children grew up, and have given many proofs, by their own virtues, that they were worthy children of their good and fond parents.

Europe and her foreign states were still in the same ferment of war as they had been during the last reign ; and as the English ministers could not agree upon the mode of saving their country from foreign invasion, there were frequent changes among the

leaders of the state. The great Mr. Pitt (who was made Earl of Chatham) was one of the most clever and best of the king's ministers. He gave up his post in the cabinet, but in a few years returned to it; and his death was brought on by going, on one occasion, to the House of Lords after a long and dangerous illness. He began to speak, but fell down dead in the midst of it, to the great grief of all his friends. His second son was also a great minister for many years after.

War had now so wasted the British funds that new taxes were made, and our ministers tried to make those parts of America that had been added to our realm, share in the burden, by paying duties on some articles. This they most firmly refused to do, and in consequence war broke out afresh, which ended in thirteen of the American states making themselves quite free of any other power—these are called the United States. However, England gained many fresh islands and states, both in the East and West Indies, during the long reign of George the Third. But it would swell my little work to far too large a

size, as well as tire your little brain, if I were to describe separately the numerous wars; so you must wait till you are older, and, for the present, be content with what I think most fit for you to know.

George the Third had reigned nearly twenty years, when he became so very ill that it was feared he would not be again fit to take upon him the cares of state; but in the midst of the people's grief and distress, and just as they were going to appoint a regent, the good king began to amend; and as soon as he was quite restored he went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral, there to return public thanks, to the great God, for his late mercies. The whole nation joined in the thanksgiving for their beloved sovereign's recovery.

The scenes in France, at this time, were most dreadful—the people were tired of their king, and in time drove him from the throne, and had his head taken off, as well as that of his good queen. Soon after this Buonaparte began to show his love of power and vain-glory, which in time rose to such a pitch as to make him the scourge, as well as the terror and conqueror of the greater part of Europe. He turned

kings off their thrones, and made new empires, to place the members of his own family over them. Our little island alone remained free from his invading power, and our gallant army and navy aided to stay his mad career in foreign parts. That great man, the noble Duke of Wellington, England's pride and boast, was successful wherever his gallant arms clashed with those of the dreaded tyrant, Buonaparte. Lords Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson were among the British admirals, who, with the brave men under their separate commands, performed feats of the greatest skill and valour. The great Lord Nelson was killed at the battle of Trafalgar—he died in the arms of victory, to the universal sorrow and regret of the nation. He had a public funeral, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a monument is erected to his memory.

I cannot, in this short sketch, name one half of those brave officers who feared nothing whilst fighting for the honour of their king and country. In time you shall read of each; and then your heart will swell with the pride of a good British subject, at the

thoughts that to Britain, and to British officers, that Buonaparte, who for so many years had swept all before him, and whose sword had felled thousands to the ground, at last gave himself up as a prisoner. After the ever-famous battle of Waterloo, Buona-



BUONAPARTE ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

parte was heard to say, "It is all over; we must save ourselves." He made his way, as fast as he could, to the French coast, intending to escape to America; but he found that he could not do so, and therefore gave himself up to the commander of the *Bellerophon*, a British war-ship; and was sent to the little island of St. Helena, which was ceded to England during the Commonwealth, and where, it is said, he spent the remainder of his miserable life, a sad unhappy wreck of a proud and vain-glorious man.

You will shudder to think that good King George had his life twice attempted, once by a poor mad woman, named Margaret Nicholson, as he was getting out of his carriage, at St. James's Palace. She gave him a petition, and at the same time tried to stab him with a small knife. She was instantly taken, and being found insane, was carefully provided for till her death. The king told some man, who stood by, to take care of the knife, which he did for many years; but in time it fell into the hands of the Duke of Sussex, and has lately been sold, among other curiosities of the late duke. Madam Tussaud has added this



MARGARET NICHOLSON ATTEMPTING TO ASSASSINATE THE KING.

noted knife to the other collections in her room of horrors. The second attempt was made by a man named Hatfield, who shot at the king when he was at Drury-lane theatre, but, by God's providence, he escaped unhurt.

A second attack of his majesty's former illness, brought on by excess of grief for his beloved daughter, the amiable Princess Amelia, again plunged the nation into the greatest sorrow ; for they loved their monarch, both for his public and his private virtues. The king never recovered from this sad attack. His son, the Prince of Wales, was made regent till the death of his good father, which took place in 1820, after a long reign of sixty years, the longest of any British sovereign. The good Queen Charlotte died two years before her royal husband.

JANE.

I shall be glad when I am old enough to read of all the brave men that lived in George the Third's reign, mamma.

MAMMA.

So shall I, my dear child ; for I am sure you will delight in knowing everything that related to them, and will be pleased to hear of their many private virtues, as well as the good they did their

country, by their skill in arms. The Prince of Wales lost his child, the Princess Charlotte, and her infant, his grandchild, the heirs to the throne, in 1817, which was a great grief to the nation. The Duke of Kent, the father of our present good and amiable queen, died six days before the king.

JANE.

I am glad, mamma, that I know who was the father of our dear queen. Will you tell me any of her reign?

MAMMA.

Yes, my dear, when I come to it; but I must first tell you some of the things that took place in George the Fourth's reign: and also that the Regent's Park, which you like so much to ride and walk in, was planned by that king when he was regent for his poor father, and that is why it is called the Regent's Park. During his regency, also, railroads began to be much talked about and planned; and vast improvements were made in all manufactures, owing to the power of

steam being more generally used. The streets of London began to be lighted with gas, and steam-boats, which are now to be seen on almost all rivers, came first into use in these realms on the river Clyde in Scotland, in the second year of the regency.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

George the Fourth had reigned as regent ever since the year 1811, with nearly the same power as a monarch, so that he was well versed in state affairs when he took the title of king. No pains had been spared, in the early part of his life, to make him one of the most accomplished and learned of men; and he did full justice to his tutors, for he had a most refined mind, and was a most liberal patron of arts and sciences. He was also a great lover of pleasure, and was most extravagant in his pursuit of it; and though large sums were voted by the nation, to pay his debts, yet he could never manage to live within his means. He lived so unhappily with

his wife, the Princess of Wales, from the time of their marriage, that they very soon parted; and when his majesty came to the crown, the Princess of Wales was living on the Continent. As soon as she heard of the death of King George the Third (of whom she was very fond) she came to England, to claim her rights as queen consort; but the king would not permit her to take the title of queen, and had her name put out in all those forms of prayer, in which the queen is prayed for every Sunday.

The king was crowned in the second year of his reign, and Queen Caroline insisted upon being crowned at the same time, which was sternly refused by the king: she was, however, resolved to be present at the ceremony, and went at an early hour to Westminster Abbey; but every door of that noble building was shut against her. The scene of riot and uproar that took place upon this was frightful; and the queen received so deep a wound to her already broken spirit that she soon after died. She gave orders that her body should be taken to Brunswick, and that on her coffin should be written, "Here lies Caroline

of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England." Such dreadful scenes as were constantly going on between the king's and queen's friends, from the time of her coming to England till her lifeless body was safely put on board, would never have been known in these enlightened times, if there had not been faults on both sides; but there are few who do not blame the king, for the cold and heartless manner in which he treated the unhappy Caroline; and more especially his want of that outward respect to her, when death called her to her last account.

The coronation of George the Fourth was most brilliant. The ancient custom of the champion riding up the hall during the banquet, clad in armour of shining steel, and mounted on a charger, was performed in this reign, for the last time, by the champion, now Sir Henry Dymoke, who acted for his father, a clergyman, whose age and profession prevented him from going through the ceremony, which had been hereditary in his family since the time of Edward the Third.

The king, soon after his coronation, went to Ireland, and on his way there, he heard of the death of his

unhappy queen; but he went on in his voyage, and heeded not the news. His majesty spent one month in the sister island, amidst scenes of festive mirth, for the loyal Irish thought they could not do too much in honour of their monarch's visit. At the end of the same year his majesty went over to Hanover, and again went through the form of a most brilliant coronation, which gave great joy to his German subjects. The next year the king went by sea to Scotland, and his welcome there was of the most joyous kind; for, since the time of Charles the Second, the Scots had never been honoured by a visit from their king. George was well pleased with his northern subjects, and became a lively sharer in their mirth, even wearing the costume of a highland chief.

In the early part of this king's reign there was a horrid plot formed to kill the king's ministers—it was called the "Cato-street Plot," but was most happily found out before the time it was to take place, which was to have been when the ministers were all at dinner at the Earl of Harrowby's. The leaders of the party (at the head of which was a man named Thistlewood)

were soon taken, tried, and put to death for their wicked designs.

In this reign, too, Sir Edward (then Captain) Parry made a fresh attempt to discover a passage through the Arctic Sea to Asia; but his voyage proved fruitless, as that of Captain Ross had done in the late king's reign.

There were some changes in the ministry during George the Fourth's reign, owing to the death and illness of some of the members of the cabinet. The Duke of Wellington was prime minister from the beginning of the year 1828; and it was then that every energy was used to free the Catholics from the restraints they had been under since the change from that religion to the Protestant. The Catholics had not been permitted to have any voice in the state, through fear that they might again bring back the nation to the errors of their faith; but as this fear no longer existed, a bill was passed in the year 1829, which received the royal assent, granting the Catholics a freer exercise of their power, as subjects of the realm.

George the Fourth's was a short reign, for he died in the year 1830. For some time before his death he was a great invalid, and entered but little into the fatigues and gaieties which belong to royalty. He passed the greater part of his time at Windsör, driving about that kingly park, and paying short visits to the royal lodges, with which it is so beautifully studded. As the close of life drew near, the king could bear no one to see him, for every effort to exertion became painful to him. When told the danger of his disease, he cried out, "God's will be done!" and in his last fainting moments said, "This is indeed death!"

JANE.

Poor George the Fourth! What did he die of, mamma?

MAMMA.

Of a disease in the heart, my dear. Now shall I tell you of the good King William the Fourth?

JANE.

Stay one minute, mamma; for I want to know what the champion did, when he rode up Westminster Hall.

MAMMA.

He threw down an iron glove, called a gauntlet, as a challenge for any one who might choose to pick it up, and thus dispute the right of the king, in whose cause the champion showed himself ready to fight, and maintain his claim to that crown which had just been put upon his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. After a parley of some minutes, and the champion finding no one take up the glove, he backed his steed out of the hall; for no subject thinks of turning a back upon his sovereign.

JANE.

What a droll custom, is it not, mamma?

MAMMA.

It is, as well as a very ancient one, for it was made

by William the Conqueror, and has only been in two families since that period. The first champion's name was Marmion, and his descendants held the same office till the reign of Edward the Third, when an heiress of the family married a Sir John Dymoke, who took the office, and in whose family it has been ever since. The office of champion has not been exercised at the two last coronations.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

As George the Fourth left no children, his brother William, Duke of Clarence, the third son of George the Third, came to the throne ; for the Duke of York, his elder brother, had died during the last king's reign. As Duke of Clarence William was a great favourite with the nation. He had been brought up a sailor, and had served in many naval engagements, during his good father's reign ; and his noble and frank heart, added to his many public and private virtues, won for him the sincere love of all people ;

so that when he came to the crown he was hailed with the most hearty and welcome cheers. His amiable and equally generous and kind-hearted consort, Queen Adelaide, was alike a worthy sharer of that universal joy which gave to the nation the fondest hopes, that, under such good sovereigns, the English must be a happy people; and it may with truth be said, that during their short reign they set a noble example of domestic felicity in the most exalted station. In the second year of William's reign riots of a most serious nature took place in many parts of the kingdom. The places that suffered most severely from the fury of the mob were Bristol, London, and Birmingham; for there, they pulled down houses, broke windows, and in Bristol burnt many parts of the city in their mad rage against Sir Charles Wetherall. The general cause of these riots was the desire of the people to carry the Reform Bill, which had been strongly opposed by the Wellington ministry.

On King William's coming to the throne, a fresh parliament and a new ministry, at the head of which was Earl Grey, gave the people some hopes; but the

bill was strongly opposed, and ministers dissolved the parliament. The new election returned to the house a stronger party in favour of reform, so that the bill, after many severe struggles, passed both houses, and gained the royal assent in June, 1832.

The Continent was still in a ferment of war. Charles the Tenth, King of France, left the French crown, and came to take refuge in England, whilst his cousin, the Duke of Orleans, became king of that realm, under the title of Louis Philip, the first King of the French.

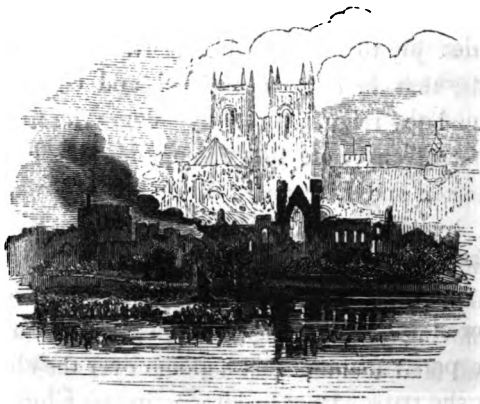
The kingdom of Belgium was formed, and Leopold, husband of the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, and the uncle of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, was elected to that throne. Spain and Portugal were then, and have ever since been, in war about their respective sovereigns; and unhappy Poland was swept away by the fierce Russian power, and left to the mercy of the sovereign of that vast realm.

In the second and third years of this reign England was visited by that fearful modern plague, the cholera, which carried off thousands to the grave. A

day was set apart, as a day of fast and penance, throughout the kingdom, so that all might go to the house of God, to pray him, in his mercy, to remove the dreadful plague. By degrees it gave way, and before the close of the year 1832 the panic this fearful scourge had caused was over.

In the year 1834 a bill was passed, to set free all the slaves throughout the British colonies, which gave great joy to every feeling heart. Many of the railroads, that had been planned and commenced in the late reign, were, by degrees, finished. The first of any note that was opened was between Manchester and Liverpool, in 1830, and was honoured by the presence of the Duke of Wellington, who went in the first train. Thousands were assembled to see the then strange sight, of lines of carriages moving rapidly along by the power of steam ; but a sad and fatal accident cast a gloom over the close of this festive day. Mr. Huskisson, in stepping out of one of the carriages, before it had entirely stopped, had his leg caught, and so severely crushed that he died from the hurt.

In 1834 both the houses of parliament were burnt to the ground. The cause of this dreadful fire was from over-heating the flues. A noble building, of superb architecture, is now being erected to supply their places.



BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In the summer of 1837 King William was seized with a disease in the chest and heart, which soon too plainly gave signs of what must be its fatal termination. The good monarch bore his severe sufferings with the most Christian resignation and piety. His kind and affectionate queen watched over him as a tender nurse, and his last sleep, the sleep of death, took place whilst resting his sinking head on the shoulder of the good Queen Adelaide. Perhaps never was a monarch more truly and more deeply mourned than King William the Fourth, for he was justly and deservedly beloved by all parties.

JANE.

What a good king William the Fourth was, mamma; and I like Queen Adelaide too, very much! I am glad I know more about her; and I hope I shall soon see her in the park again, that I may wave my handkerchief when she passes by, to show how much I love her. I want very much to hear a little more of those slaves. Who are they, mamma?

MAMMA.

They are the poor negro people who live in foreign countries. Unlike the poor of our own happy kingdom, they have no good laws to defend them from wrong, nor to give them relief in times of need ; but they are subject to the owners of the land they live in ; who have the power to sell these poor blacks, like sheep and oxen : and I grieve to tell you, that the English, who reside in our colonies, did not blush with shame to purchase these poor wretches, and, I fear, too often treat them unkindly, till the law I have just told you of was passed, to put a stop to so shameful a trade.

JANE.

How shocking, mamma ! And what a cruel and wicked thing to buy men and women ; and, I suppose, poor little children too ! But why did they do this ? How glad I am that I live in England ; for I am sure I should not like to see the negroes made so unhappy ?

MAMMA.

You may well be glad you are born in a free land, where not only our wisely-framed laws and good government afford a just and equal shelter to all classes of society under every wrong ; but, where the gentle precepts of Christianity have spread their peaceful sway, and softened man's too often naturally cruel heart, so that he now shrinks with horror from deeds which, in times of yore, would have been looked upon in a very different light. And the time we hope may yet arrive, when not only in Britain, but in every other Christian country, this cruel slave-trade will cease to exist ; for surely it was never intended by the great and good God, that man should oppress his fellow man, and purchase him as a brute of the field, who is gifted with the same living soul as himself, and endowed with the same reason, though buried in ignorance.

JANE.

I am sure I hope so too, mamma. But you have

not told me why these poor negroes are bought in this cruel way.

MAMMA.

Chiefly, my dear, for the purpose of working in the sugar-plantations, and in cultivating the native productions of the hot climates, both in the eastern and western world. The intense heat of the sun prevents those who are not natives of these soils from making use of labour; and even those who are born under its scorching rays cannot endure fatigue; nor are they so active as our robust English labourers are; therefore, for the sake of gain, the poor negroes are bought and sold, and made to perform hard tasks, in spite of the heat, and without having any just allowance made for the natural languor it produces in their frames. But let us hope there will be a time when there will be no more slaves in any part of the world, and that the poor negroes will learn to know their Maker, and be benefited by the mild doctrines of pure Christianity.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

I am now come to the reign of our own beloved queen, who lives and reigns secure in the hearts of her true and loyal people. Her most gracious majesty is the daughter of the late good Duke of Kent; and she had but just reached the royal majority, when, by the death of her uncle, William the Fourth, she was called to undertake all the cares and fatigues which belong to a crown. Her extreme youth made her at once a tender object of her people's love, who welcomed our gracious queen to the throne of her ancestors with the most sincere and hearty congratulations; and the mild exercise which she so wisely makes use of in her high authority, and her every effort to promote the general interests of the people over whom she rules, whilst it brings peace to her own heart, makes her justly the most beloved of England's queens.

On the 1st of July, 1837, parliament was dissolved, and in the autumn of the same year her majesty paid a visit of state to the citizens of London, who



THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO THE CITY.

strained every nerve to show their loyal and dutiful attachment to their youthful sovereign. On the 20th of November her majesty opened the new parliament in person; and thousands of persons lined

the road from Buckingham Palace to the House of Peers, all eager to catch a glimpse of their queen, and to hail her with hearty cheers as she passed along in state, to perform this, her first, and one of her most important duties.

In June, 1838, the coronation took place. A general illumination, and festivities of every kind, both public and private, added to the lustre of the scene. Every countenance smiled with joy, and the poorest in the land shared in the general holiday, and partook of the pleasures of this eventful day. On the 10th of February, 1840, a second general rejoicing took place, in celebration of her majesty's marriage, who, on that day, gave her hand and heart to Prince Albert, the eldest son of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, a prince in every respect worthy of the sovereign's choice. On the 22nd of November, in the same year, the Princess Royal was born; and on the 9th of November, 1841, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

I must not omit to tell you, that in June, 1840, her majesty was shot at by a poor madman, named

Oxford, as she was passing in an open carriage with Prince Albert, along Constitution Hill. Most mercifully the intended blow did not succeed in its aim, and our beloved queen escaped unhurt. A general thanksgiving was read in every church on the following Sunday, to thank God for his great mercy, in thus averting the deadly blow, which would have plunged the nation into so much grief.

In the autumn of 1842, her majesty, with Prince Albert, went to Scotland, and after visiting the seats of many of her northern nobles, the royal party returned to London by water.

In April, 1843, the Princess Alice was born, and in the autumn of this year, her majesty being fond of the sea, in company with Prince Albert, spent some days in sailing along the coast of her southern shores, and landed at many ports on that coast, to the great joy of their respective inhabitants, who were glad to have this means of showing their loyalty and dutiful love to their royal mistress. Her majesty and Prince Albert, with their suite, then crossed the Channel, to pay a visit to the King of the French; an epoch of great

note in the history of our own times, for no British sovereign has landed on the shores of France, since the reign of Henry the Eighth. Treport, in the department of Lower Seine, was the place where her Majesty of England was conducted by Louis Philippe, King of the French, from her yacht, to the shores of France.

On her landing, cries of "Vive le Roi," and "Vive la Reine," rent the air; and our own national anthem, of "God Save the Queen," was played by a full band. The Queen of the French, attended by all the princes of that realm, and the Queen of the Belgians, met our Queen on her landing, and gave her a most cordial and sincere welcome. During our sovereign's visit to the court of France every attention and respect was shown her by her royal hosts, and no expense was spared to do honour to their queenly guest. The queen was so well pleased with her sea-trip, that she crossed the Channel a second time, to pay a visit to her uncle, the King of Belgium, where equal honour was shown our illustrious sovereign in the different parts she visited. Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and Brus-

sels were the principal scenes of royal festivity in this eventful epoch. It is more than five hundred years since a British sovereign paid a visit of friendship to this part of Europe.

How happy it is that we live in times of peace and quiet, when the sovereign no longer fears the horrors of war, but can visit neighbouring states without dread of any evil, either to herself or to her state. At the present era peace reigns, and may it long continue to do so; still there have been wars in this reign, which I must not fail to tell you of. The taking of Acre, by Sir Charles Napier, and the island of Hong Kong, on the Chinese coast, with other forts and places in that great empire of the East, have been added to the extent of the British states. No European power hitherto ever dared to set a hostile foot into China. The unhappy war in Affghanistan, too, forms a striking event in the present reign.

Many of the misguided Irish have, of late, shown a disposition to set at nought the power of the British sovereign, and to restore their parliament; but a body of troops have been sent there by govern-

ment, which have, in some measure, succeeded in quelling their noisy and lawless meetings, headed by O'Connell.

And now, my dear child, I have told you all that the limits of my little work will allow me to do; and I hope you will try and do your best to keep in your mind some of the many events there are to think about, even in this small volume; and if you do this, and can remember any part of my little history, when you read of the same scenes in books as large as Mary's, I shall have no reason to regret having written "The First Step to English History."

THE END.

Joseph Rickerby, Printer, Sherbourn Lane, Cl'g.

WORKS BY THE SAME FAMILY.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

BY M. M. RODWELL.

MAPS. 18s. LONGMAN & Co., Paternoster Row

CAROLINE;

OR, THE PLEASURES OF A BIRTH-DAY.

BY M. M. RODWELL.

SECOND EDITION. Price 2s. 6d. A. K. NEWMAN, Leadenhall Street.

THE SPOILED CHILD RECLAIMED.

BY M. M. RODWELL.

Price 2s. 6d. A. K. NEWMAN, Leadenhall Street.

NEW SCENES FOR YOUTH.

BY MRS. RODWELL.

Price 2s. 6d. A. K. NEWMAN, Leadenhall Street.

THE JUVENILE PIANIST.

BY ANNE RODWELL.

SECOND EDITION. Price 3s. 6d. A. K. NEWMAN, Leadenhall Street.

Interesting Works for Young Children,
PUBLISHED BY
HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

HISTORICAL PRINTS,
REPRESENTING SOME OF THE MOST MEMORABLE EVENTS IN
ENGLISH HISTORY,
IN WHICH THE COSTUMES OF THE TIMES ARE CAREFULLY PRESERVED.
WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY EMILY TAYLOR,
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE SAXONS," &c.
Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Foolsap 8vo. Price 6s. plain : 8s. 6d. coloured.

A NEW EDITION.
ENGLISH STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.
BY MARIA HACK.

2 vols. 12mo. cloth lettered. With Vignettes by HARVEY. Price 12s.

"A popular History of England, from Alfred to Elizabeth, adapted to the capacities of young persons. The matter is unexceptionable, and embodies a good deal of information, valuable and interesting to juvenile readers. Certain defects of manner are counterbalanced by the dispassionate and just estimate of the characters of the persons, and the causes and influence of events."—*Spectator*.

NAOMI;
OR, THE LAST DAYS OF JERUSALEM.

BY MRS J. B. WEBB.
SECOND EDITION, WITH A PLAN.
Foolsap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 7s. 6d.

G R E C I A N S T O R I E S .**BY MARIA HACK.****With Thirty-eight fine Illustrations by GILBERT, engraved by WRIGHT and FOLKARD.****12mo. cloth lettered. Price 6s.**

**"I find that men as high as trees will write
Dialogue-wise, yet no man doth them slight
For writing so."—BUNYAN.**

"These historical narratives are composed on the popular plan of the entertaining and instructive stories of the authoress, relating to England. They will be valuable, especially to the non-classical, as an accurate picture of Greece, its annals, and its great men."—*Tait's Mag.*

L I M E D T W I G S T O C A T C H Y O U N G B I R D S .**BY THE AUTHORS OF "ORIGINAL POEMS," "NURSERY RHYMES," &c.****Square 16mo. cloth, in large type. Price 2s. 6d.****T H E D U K E S O F N O R M A N D Y ,****FROM THE TIME OF ROLLO TO THE EXPULSION OF KING JOHN
BY PHILIP AUGUSTUS OF FRANCE.****BY JONATHAN DUNCAN, ESQ., B.A.****AUTHOR OF "THE RELIGIONS OF PROFANE ANTIQUITY," &c.****12mo. cloth lettered. Price 6s.**

"The author has, in this elegant little volume, supplied a deficiency in the historical literature of England. Great care has been taken in selecting from the best authorities—the style expresses the historian's nervous anxiety to record nothing but the facts on which he himself relies after due consideration—and he is throughout clear, instructive, and concise. The author deserves the highest praises for what he has accomplished—the sample is so good that we only wish we had more of it."—*Staffordshire Examiner.*

A L L I S O N ' S G U I D E T O E N G L I S H H I S T O R Y .**12mo. cloth lettered. Price 3s.**

Historical Tales, by Emily Taylor.

Foolscap 8vo. Cloth gilt.

TALES OF THE SAXONS:—

**HACO THE GOOD,—HEREWARD THE SAXON,—AND
THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.**

Price 5s.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH:—

THE KNEVETS.—A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

Price 4s. 6d.

**THE REVOCATION
OF THE EDICT OF NANTES;**

**CONTAINING MEMOIRS OF
SOME OF THE SUFFERERS, DURING THE PERSECUTIONS
CONSEQUENT ON THAT EVENT.**

**BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MINSTRELSY OF THE WOODS," &c.
Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 4s.**

**A N C I E N T H I S T O R Y,
FROM THE EARLIEST RECORDS TO THE TIME OF XERXES**

**INTENDED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE
HISTORIES OF GREECE AND ROME IN COMMON USE.**

BY MRS. M. PERCIVAL.

With Plates, 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 4s.

**NATURAL HISTORY.
BINGLEY'S ANIMATED NATURE.**

With Plates by HOWITT. 12mo. Price 7s.

CHARLIE'S DISCOVERIES;**OR, A GOOD USE FOR EYES AND EARS.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD OAK CHEST," "WALTER O'NIEL," &c. WITH MANY CUTS, BY T. WILLIAMS.

16mo. Cloth. Gilt edges. Price 4s. 6d.

"Charlie's Discoveries, being set forth in a lively and attractive manner, and illustrated with beautiful woodcuts, are calculated to make more juvenile discoveries of the wonders that are everywhere about us, though but little known."—*Spectator*

THE BOY AND THE BIRDS.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

WITH SIXTEEN FINE WOODCUTS FROM LANDSEER'S DESIGNS.

16mo. Gilt edges. Price 3s. 6d.

"A delightful book for children. The birds tell of their habits to a little inquiring boy, who goes peeping into their nests and watching their doings: and a very pleasant way they have of talking, sure to engage the young reader's attention. The designs are pretty, and nicely cut on wood."—*Spectator*.

THE MINSTRELSY OF THE WOODS.

SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE
MOST INTERESTING BRITISH BIRDS.

With Plates, 12mo. cloth lettered, Price 6s.: or with coloured Plates, and gilt edges, Price 9s.

**GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES,
AND GLIMPSES OF THE ANCIENT EARTH.**

BY MARIA HACK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE PLATES AND MAPS.

Third Edition. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 9s.

"A compendium of the most striking facts of Geology, thrown into the form of dialogue, adapted to the comprehension of the young, but not unfitted for elder readers. Of its merit, 'third edition' is sufficient proof."—*Spectator*.

FOOTSTEPS TO NATURAL HISTORY.

With Cuts. Square 16mo. gilt edges. Price 3s. 6d.

**MORNING WALKS;
OR, STEPS TO THE STUDY OF MINERALOGY.**

With Plates. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 6s.

"Of the value of this little volume we cannot speak too highly, and we would recommend its perusal to every class of our readers, who, in a simple form, wish for an introduction to this delightful science. It is written in so simple a form that parents who wish to instruct their children in Mineralogy, cannot secure the rudiments of them better than by 'Morning Walks.'"—*Staffordshire Examiner.*

RUDIMENTS OF MINERALOGY.

BY M. A. VENNING.

With Plates. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 4s. 6d.

By the same Author.

RUDIMENTS OF CONCHOLOGY.

With Plates, 12mo. cloth lettered, Price 3s. 6d.; or with coloured Plates, Price 5s.

**INSTINCT DISPLAYED
IN THE ANIMAL CREATION.**

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

WITH MANY ADDITIONS TO THE ORIGINAL WORK OF PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

Foolscap, 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 5s.

"A nice little work, in the shape of letters between two young ladies, who are induced to study natural history. The anecdotes are well selected, and told in a simple and unaffected manner, which greatly enhances their value. The object the authoress had in view is humane, and her book ought to be in the hands of every child from eight to twelve years of age."—*Bristol Mercury.*

**THE SQUIRRELS AND OTHER ANIMALS;
OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HABITS AND INSTINCTS OF MANY
OF THE SMALLER BRITISH QUADRUPEDS.**

BY GEORGE WARING.

With Cuts. Square 16mo. Price 3s. 6d.

THE YOUNG NATURALIST'S BOOK OF BIRDS.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

With Cuts. Square 16mo. Price 3s. 6d.

**TRAVELS AND GEOGRAPHY.
WINTER EVENINGS;
OR,
TALES OF TRAVELLERS.
BY MARIA HACK.**

A new Edition in one vol. cloth lettered. Price 6s.

**SPAIN, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.
BY A LADY.**

COMPILED FROM AN ACTUAL JOURNAL.

Foolscap 8vo. Cloth lettered. Price 5s.

"The idea of this little volume is excellent. An English gentleman of fortune becomes heir to a rich relation in Spain: he travels there with his family, and we have in this work the result of their experience and enquiries. A popular picture of the country was wanted: here we find the essence of many large works presented in a form particularly attractive to the young."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

**THE IRISH TOURIST;
OR, THE
PEOPLE AND THE PROVINCES OF IRELAND.**

WITH A MAP OF THE ROUTE THROUGHOUT THE ISLAND.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 4s. 6d.

"The author of this work has succeeded to admiration in getting up an attractive volume on Ireland. He conducts the reader from one important place to another, and affords him an entertaining and often touching view of the manners by which the people are distinguished. With the characteristic exhibitions of Irish sentiment and expression contained in the occasional dialogues, we are as much amused as by any sketches of the sort in connexion with the Scotch, by the author of *Waverley*. The tour is diversified by conversations and notices, biographical and historical."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

**A VOYAGE TO INDIA;
OR, THREE MONTHS ON THE OCEAN.**

With Cuts. 16mo. Price 4s.

THE NEW ESTATE;
OR,
THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS IN WALES
AND IRELAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN," &c.
With Plates, 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 6s.

"This little work is admirably adapted for giving young ladies and gentlemen a short and faithful account of the characteristics, manners, and anecdotes of these romantic parts of our kingdom. Instruction and amusement may both be derived from its perusal, and the introduction of numerous plates will add not a little to its charms in the eyes of the youthful historian."—*Staffordshire Examiner*.

ALLISON'S FIRST LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY.

18mo. sewed. Price 9d.

A FAMILY TOUR
THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

BY PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED TO THE PRESENT TIME

With a Map. 12mo. half-bound. Price 8s.

PORTUGAL;
AN ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY, &c.

COMPILED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LADY.

With Plates. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 5s.

ALFRED DUDLEY;
OR,
THE AUSTRALIAN SETTLERS.

With Plates. 16mo. cloth lettered. Price 3s. 6d.

**THE JUVENILE TRAVELLERS;
A TOUR THROUGHOUT EUROPE.
BY PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.**

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED TO THE PRESENT TIME.

With a Map. 12mo. half-bound. Price 6s.

**CHEMISTRY NO MYSTERY;
OR,
A LECTURER'S BEQUEST.
BY JOHN SCOFFERN.**

With numerous Illustrations. Foolscep 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 6s.

"A very agreeable account of some of the leading facts and principles of Chemistry, not only made plain to the meanest capacity, but attractive, we should imagine, to the most idle youth, and amusing to all."—*Spectator*.

"This work contains quite as much information as is requisite for any person who does not intend to make Chemistry a professional or hobby-horsical pursuit. The various information is conveyed in a clear and distinct manner, so that the dullest child can hardly fail to understand what it means. We recommend every father to purchase this work for his children, unless they happen to be particularly stupid. It does much credit to Mr. Scoffern, the author: it is very well printed and neatly bound."—*Polytechnic Journal*.

**THE PARENT'S
MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSISTANT:
AFFORDING
FAMILIAR DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT
OF THE SUDDEN ILLNESSES AND VARIOUS ACCIDENTS THAT
REQUIRE PROMPT AND JUDICIOUS TREATMENT.**

BY J. A. BROMHEAD,

12mo. cloth lettered. Price 3s.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ;
CONTAINING USEFUL INFORMATION ON COMMON THINGS
FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY ELIZABETH G. NOVERRE.

With Eight Elegant Illustrations. 16mo. gilt edges. Price 3s. 6d.

"This little volume is well adapted to the capacities of children, and will give them ideas of many things which after-study can expand and confirm. It is elegantly printed, and is illustrated with some beautiful engravings."—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

A NEW DERIVATIVE SPELLING-BOOK ;

IN WHICH

THE ORIGIN OF EACH WORD IS GIVEN

FROM THE GREEK, LATIN, SAXON, GERMAN, TEUTONIC, DUTCH, FRENCH,
SPANISH, AND OTHER LANGUAGES;

ALSO THEIR PRESENT ACCEPTATION,

WITH THE PARTS OF SPEECH ACCURATELY DISTINGUISHED, AND THE
SYLLABLES ACCENTED AGREEABLY TO THE MOST
CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

BY J. ROWBOTHAM, F.R.A.S.

12mo. bound and lettered. Price 2s.

"A most useful school-book, that should be put into the hands of every young learner: for it not only gives an insight into the formation of the English language, but may induce to the study of others, and it impresses the meaning and spelling of the words on the pupil's memory."—*Spectator*.

"The work before us has been prepared with great research and attention, and is admirable of its kind."—*Atlas*.

ROWBOTHAM'S NEW DERIVATIVE AND
ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY,

OF SUCH ENGLISH WORDS AS HAVE THEIR ORIGIN IN THE
GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

Foolscap, cloth lettered. Price 7s.

**AN IMPROVED METHOD
OF PERFORMING COMMERCIAL CALCULATIONS ;**

REPRESENTING

THE SCIENCE OF ARITHMETIC IN A NEW LIGHT.

A BOOK OF GENERAL UTILITY.

Containing, among other matter, a full Illustration of the Theory of Proportion and the German Chain Rule.

BY J. FELTON.

12mo. bound and lettered. Price 2s.

Also, by the same Author, and adapted to the above,

**THE TEACHER'S MANUAL
OF MENTAL ARITHMETIC ;**

**DISPLAYING A SIMPLE METHOD OF
SUCCESSFULLY COMMUNICATING INSTRUCTION IN THAT
MOST USEFUL SCIENCE.**

TOGETHER WITH A

KEY TO THE CALCULATIONS.

12mo. cloth lettered. Price 2s.

"An extremely valuable little work. The rules which it gives for solving all questions in Arithmetic are so simple, and the mode of operation so brief and plain, that to every one anxious to acquire a ready method of performing calculations, it must be a most desirable hand-book."—*Atlas*.

HELP TO THE SCHOOLMISTRESS,

OR,

VILLAGE TEACHING.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

Author of "Tales of the Saxons," "Tales of the English," &c.

18mo. cloth lettered. Price 1s. 6d.

THE PICTORIAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

With One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

16mo. cloth lettered. Price 3s. 6d. plain ; coloured 5s.

THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY,
OR
SPELLING-BOOK ;
WITH THE MEANING ATTACHED TO EACH WORD.
COMPILED FOR THE USE OF ACKWORTH SCHOOL.
A new Edition. 18mo. Cloth lettered. Price 1s. 6d.

LEÇONS POUR DES ENFANS,
DEPUIS L'ÂGE DE DEUX ANS JUSQU'À CINQ.
TRADUIT DE L'ANGLAIS DE MADAME BARBAULD.
AVEC UNE INTERPRÉTATION ANGLAISE.
18mo. cloth lettered. Price 2s.

AN INTRODUCTION
TO THE
KNOWLEDGE OF BOOK-KEEPING.
BY R. ROE.

8vo. half-bound. Price 3s. 6d.
A Set of Ruled Books, to accompany the above, Price 3s.

LECTURES ELEMENTAIRES.
PAR LE COMTE BARDI.
WITH AN INTERLINEARY ENGLISH TRANSLATION, ON THE
HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.
12mo. Price 3s.

ENGLISH PARSING LESSONS.
BY JAMES GILES.
12mo. Price 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD OAK-CHEST;

OR,

A BOOK A GREAT TREASURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLIE'S DISCOVERIES," &c.

With Cuts, 16mo. cloth gilt. Price 3s. 6d.

"A pretty, amusing, and instructive book, adapted as a parlour-book for little children."—*Sunday-School Teacher's Magazine.*

By the Authors of "Original Poems."

RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

18mo. cloth lettered. Price 1s. 6d.

ALSO AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION, IN LARGE TYPE.

With Sixteen fine Cuts, by WRIGHT, from Designs by GILBERT, 16mo. cloth, gilt edges.

Price 3s. 6d. plain; coloured 4s.

"An old friend with a new face, and an open and a gay one too. The large, clear type invites the young reader to learn the story of the nice little pictures. These verses for children have never been surpassed, scarcely equalled indeed—for the happy union of fancy and precept, the simplicity and intelligibility of the ideas and words, and the fluency and conciseness of the Rhymes. The Miss Taylors are the best nursery lyrists, after all."—*Spectator.*

TRIALS OF STRENGTH,

MORAL AND PHYSICAL.

BY MRS. BARWELL.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 5s.

"In language, and in everything else, this is a model for juvenile story-books. What the able writer more especially demonstrates is the difference between *moral* and *physical* courage."—*Metro-politan.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

With Illustrations. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 5s.

An 18mo. edition of the same. Price 2s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S MISSION;

OR, GREAT WORKS WROUGHT BY WEAK HANDS.

BY G. WARING.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. GILBERT. Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered, price 4s. 6d.

WITH ENGRAVINGS AND WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATIONS.

TALES OF MANY LANDS,

BY MISS M. FRAZER TYTLER.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE."

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 7s. 6d.

"Sketches of common life, and traits of childish character, intermingled skilfully with pictures of foreign scenery and national characteristics; and pathetic stories, written with talent and in a manner to interest youthful readers. Each tale is illustrated by a clever wood engraving."—*Spectator*.

MY BOY'S FIRST BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE."

With fine Cuts. 16mo. cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

"A pretty little one for very young children, consisting of a number of tales full of interest yet all tending to improve the morals of the youthful reader. We recommend both these works as presents to all good boys and girls."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

MY BOY'S SECOND BOOK.

With fine Cuts. 16mo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HYMNS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE.

With fine Cuts. 16mo. cloth gilt. Price 4s. 6d.

"These are children's books of a very superior character; and especially the first, some of the short poems in which are very beautiful. The wood-cuts by which they are embellished are really gems, such as but a few years ago would have astonished the public in works of far higher pretensions."—*Argus*.

SETMA, THE TURKISH GIRL,
AND WOODROOF, THE SWEDISH BOY.

TRUE TALES.

BY THE REV. C. G. BARTH.

Foolscap 8vo. Cloth gilt. Price 3s. with Frontispiece.

"The spiritual plety of these tales is above all praise. Much may be learned by the estimation in which Christianity and her holy ordinances are held by the *Turkish Girl*; while from the *Swedish Boy* we have a clear view of the fundamental truths of Christianity, which will put to confusion many of the crude imaginings that but too often take the place of true religion. The little volume is admirably calculated for the perusal of the youth of both sexes."—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

**FIRESIDE STORIES ;
OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.**

With Plates. 16mo. cloth lettered. Price 3s. 6d.

**RUINS AND OLD TREES,
ASSOCIATED WITH MEMORABLE EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.
BY MARY ROBERTS,**

**AUTHOR OF "THE PROGRESS OF CREATION, CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE
TO THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE EARTH," "CONCHOLOGIST'S COMPANION," &c.**

With Illustrations from Designs by GILBERT, Engraved by FOLKARD.

Post 8vo. cloth elegant. Price 9s.

SELF-DEPENDENCE : A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROSE TALBOT;" "THE ORPHAN'S CHOICE," &c.

— "Confidence then bore thee on; secure
Either to meet no danger or to find
Matter of glorious trial."

Foolscap 8vo. Cloth gilt. Price 4s. 6d.

"A well-written story, inculcating those moral feelings which every parent must wish to see his children possess. The volume is a very suitable present for youth, being both informing and amusing."—*Plymouth Herald*.

SEVEN LECTURES ON METEOROLOGY,

BY LUKE HOWARD, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

**AUTHOR OF AN "ESSAY ON THE MODIFICATIONS OF CLOUDS," "THE
CLIMATE OF LONDON," and other Works on the same subject.**

Actorum sic juvat meminisse laborum.

First published in 1 37. A Second Edition, carefully revised by the Author.

Foolscap 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. cloth lettered.

Also by the same Author, in 3 vols. 8vo. price £1 11s. 6d.

THE CLIMATE OF LONDON.

**A BLUE-COAT BOYS' RECOLLECTIONS OF
HERTFORD SCHOOL.**

WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING THE RULES, REGULATIONS, &c.

BY GEORGE WICKHAM.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth. Price 4s. 6d.

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF THE EARTH,

CONSIDERED CHIEFLY AS A RESIDENCE FOR MAN.

BY JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

With Plates. 12mo. Price 4s.

By the same Author,

A MONTH IN LONDON ;

OR SOME OF ITS

MODERN WONDERS DESCRIBED.

With Plates. 12mo. cloth lettered. Price 4s.

"A description of some of the modern wonders to be seen in the great Metropolis. The principal objects of which an account is given are the Thames, the Tunnel, St. Katharine's Docks, Bridges, Gas Lights, Diorama, Colosseum, Regent's Park, Zoological Gardens, British Museum, National Repository, the Bazaars, &c., &c. all of which must be interesting, more particularly to the little folks in the country."—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS

ESSENTIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN.

BY MARY ANN KELTY.

Price 1s.

RURAL SCENES ;

OR, A PEEP INTO THE COUNTRY.

A new and revised Edition, with Eighty-eight Cuts. Foolsap 8vo. cloth lettered.
Price 2s. 6d. plain ; coloured 4s.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATIONS :

**IN WHICH ARE FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED THE CAUSES OF
NUMEROUS DAILY OCCURRING NATURAL PHENOMENA.**

BY FREDERICK C. BAKEWELL,

AUTHOR OF "NATURAL EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE LIFE," &c.

Foolsap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 5s. 6d.

**CITY SCENES;
OR, A PEEP INTO LONDON.**

With many Plates, cloth 12mo. lettered. Price 3s. 6d.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

"The proper culture of thy mind will yield thee more than summer fruits and flowers."

Price 3s. 6d.

THE WHEATSHEAF.

Price 2s. 6d.

**FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.**

BY MARIA HACK.

18mo. cloth lettered. Price 3s.

CHILDHOOD,

ILLUSTRATED IN A SELECTION FROM THE POETS.

BY H. M. RATHBONE.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 5s.

HYMNS,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

BY PRISCILLA GURNEY.

32mo. cloth, gilt edges. Price 2s. 6d.

**THE ROAD TO LEARNING;
OR, ORIGINAL LESSONS,**

IN WORDS OF ONE OR TWO SYLLABLES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Price 2s. cloth lettered.

THE
CHILD'S FIRST STEP TO ENGLISH HISTORY,
BY ANNE RODWELL.

With many Cuts. Price 3s. 6d. plain; coloured, 4s.

MISS LAWRENCE'S STORIES FROM THE
OLD TESTAMENT.

Sixteen Cuts. Price 3s. 6d.

A MEMOIR OF EDWARD FOSTER BRADY,

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF CROYDON SCHOOL;
CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 2s. 6d.

GLIMPSES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY A LADY.

WITH NUMEROUS WOOD-CUTS.

What prodigies can Power Divine perform,
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man! COWPER.

Cloth lettered. Price 4s. 6d.

LETTERS FROM MALTA AND SICILY,

ADDRESSED TO

A YOUNG NATURALIST,

BY GEORGE WARING.

WITH TEN ENGRAVINGS.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered, price 6s.

THE BOOK OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Illustrated with Six Engravings. Price 3s.

B

FACTS AND FEELINGS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF INTERIOR RELIGION; ACCOMPANIED BY MEMORIALS
OF MADAME GUYON, FENELON, AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PERSONS,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM THEIR WORKS.

BY MARY ANN KELTY.

Foolscap 8vo. cloth lettered. Price 4s.

EARLY DAYS IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

BY MARY ANN KELTY.

12mo. cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

“‘I would recommend you,’ says Charles Lamb, whose reliſh for all that was individual and unworldly was ſtrong to the laſt hour of his life, ‘above all church narratives, to read Sewel’s History of the Quakers; here is nothing to ſtagger you, nothing to make you miſtruſt; no ſuſpicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious ſpirit.’ Mary Ann Kelty’s book is abridged from Sewel, and may, we think, be peruſed with intereſt, as a record of the early ſtruggles of a body of conſcientious men, apart from the peculiar doctrines it is intended to enforce and illuſtrate.”—*Athenæum*.

**A GENERAL ATLAS,
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.**

WITH A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO GEOGRAPHY.

BY JOHN ADAMS.

Twenty-seven Maps, coloured. Price 10s. 6d. 8vo. half-bound calf. Another by ISAAC PAYNE,
Price 6s. coloured.

OPEN AND SEE; OR, FIRST READING LESSONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “AIDS TO DEVELOPEMENT.”

With Cuts. Price 2s. 6d. plain; coloured, 3s. 6d.

**ECONOMICAL COOKERY
FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.**

A new Edition. 12mo. Cloth lettered. Price 2s.

“This is another of thoſe uſeful volumes, the ſucceſs of which affords the very beſt pledge of its intrinsic value. Good and palatable diſhes being commonly regarded as forming ſome of the chief material elements of human happineſs, the art of providing them without extravagance ought to be encouraged by all who feel an intereſt in the ſubject.”—*Atlas*.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Price Sixpence each, Plates coloured.

The People of Europe.
The Nations of Asia.
The African Race.
The Tribes of America and Polynesia.
Country Scenes.
Simple Stories, a very easy Reading Book.
Simple Rhymes on Birds and Beasts.
Emma and the Little Silk-Makers.

Easy Chat for very little People.
London Scenes.
Nursery Lessons.
Sports of Childhood.
The Cries of London.
The Nursery Present, or Alphabet of Pictures.
The Rhyming Alphabet.
The Workshop, or Useful Trades.
The Busy Bees.

Plates plain.

Book of Nouns, 64 plates.
Easy Steps to Learning, 2 parts.
Franklin's Art of Making Money Plenty, with hieroglyphic Plates.
Infant's Cabinet of Birds and Beasts.
Lessons and Tales for the Nursery.

Mamma's Present of Pictures.
People of all Nations, 64 plates.
Pictures for the Nursery.
Robinson Crusoe.
Tales for Infant Minds.
The Picture Shop.
The Infant's Catechism.

Price One Shilling each.

Cowper's Negro's Complaint.
Let Me look, Papa; or Pictures of Animals.

Easy Lessons for Infants.
Opie's Negro's Lament, or the Process of making Sugar.

Price One Shilling each, continued.

Ann and Jane, with plates.
 A Peep into Nature, ditto.
 Bible Stories, ditto.
 Easy Lessons in English History.
 Hymnes en Prose, par M. Bar-
 baud.
 Individual Influence, by M. A.
 Kelty.
 Kelty's Straightforwardness.
 Little Anecdotes, by Mary Mister.
 Little Truths, 2 vols., ditto.

Mamma and Mary, by M. A.
 Kelty.
 Martin and James.
 Poems for Children. By a Lady.
 Select Rhymes for the Nursery,
 ditto.
 The Decoy, or an Agreeable Me-
 thod of Teaching Children the
 elementary parts of English
 Grammar.

*With Illustrations, and neatly Bound and Lettered,
 Price One Shilling and Sixpence each.*

Agnes Merton; or, how to lay
 out Half a Sovereign. By Mrs.
 Loudon.
 Alice Grant: the Two Cousins;
 and Fair Day.
 Don't give up the Ship; or, the
 Good Son.
 Elementary Instruction for Junior
 Students.
 Fanny and her Mother. A Story.
 Infant Stories, intended to show
 that to be Good is to be Happy.
 Little Frank and other Tales. In
 Words of one Syllable.
 Lucy Unwin; or Prejudice Re-
 proved and other Tales.
 Original Poems for Infant Minds.

A new and revised Edition, in
 2 vols.
 Presence of Mind and Pride. Two
 Tales. By Phœbe Blythe. Au-
 thor of "Alice Grant," &c.
 Rhymes for the Nursery. By the
 Authors of "Original Poems."
 The Orphan's Choice. A Tale.
 By Eliza Wright. Author of
 "Self-Dependence," &c.
 The Truant Scholars; Kate Ri-
 vers; and the Blind Girl and
 her Teacher.
 Village School Girls. A Tale.
 By Eliza Wright.
 Walter O'Neil; or, the Pleasure
 of doing Good.

Price Two Shillings each.

A Month of Adventures.
A Short History of the Old and New Testaments. For the Use of Children.

Barbauld's Leçons pour des Enfants. With a Vocabulary.

Diary of a Little Dog. Supposed to be written by himself.

East Indians at Selwood; or, the Orphan's Home. With Illustrations.

Footsteps to Natural History. With many plates.

Gleanings from Many Fields. By the Author of "Spain and Portugal," &c.

Harry and William; or the Two Cousins. A Tale.

Hendry's History of Greece. In Easy Lessons. Adapted for Children from Six to Ten Years of Age.

— **Rome, ditto ditto.**
How Little Henry came to the Knowledge of God. A Tale.

Henri. An interesting Tale. In French. From the English of F. B. Miller.

Lapland and its Reindeer.

Mill's Miniature Histories, in red leather:— England, 2 vols.— Rome—Greece—Biography of eminent Persons—English Kings—London.

Poetic Gleanings, from modern Writers. With some original Pieces. By a Governess.

Road to Learning.

Rose Talbot. A Tale. By Eliza Wright. Author of "Self Dependence," &c.

Simple Tales on every-day Subjects. Plates.

Stories of Aunt Alice. By Louisa F. Dibbin.

Tales of Distant Lands.

Teacher's Treasure. By Mrs. Lamont. A Reading-book for slow Learners. On a novel Plan.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

Ben Howard; or, the Benevolent Pedlar.

Cooper's History of England.

Charles Ross; or, Truth and Fiction.

Gurney's Hymns for Young Persons. Gilt.

Hack's Harry Beaufoy; or, the

Pupil of Nature. A new Edition, with Cuts, by Landseer.

Hack's Stories of Animals. First Series. Adapted for Children from Three to Six Years of Age.

— **Second Series.** Six to Nine Years of Age.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

A French Translation of each of the preceding. By M. Thuillier.
 Juvenile Anecdotes; or, Stories of Children. By P. Wakefield.
 A new Edition.

Limed Twigs. Large type.
 Open and See. Large type, 24 cuts.
 Pictures and Poetry for very Young Children. With coloured plates.

Present for Boys and Girls. With coloured plates.

Robinson Crusoe. With fine plates.

Rural Scenes; or, A Peep into the Country. A new and revised Edition.

Sandford and Merton. By Thomas Day.

Sketches of Human Manners. By P. Wakefield.

Tales for Children. In a familiar Style. By Maria Crabbe.

Tales of Travel. By F. B. Miller. With fine plates.

Trimmer's History of the Old and New Testaments. Adapted for Children. In *French*.

The Bee; a Selection of Poetry. Gilt edges.

The Child's first Picture-Book. With coloured plates.

The Cottage in the Chalk-pit. By C. A. Mant.

The Little Prisoner; or, a Visit to Malta.

The Wheatsheaf.

In Seven Sheets, each containing Thirty Subjects. Price 2s. each,

A SERIES OF COLOURED PRINTS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

TWO HUNDRED AND TEN PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN SCRIPTURE HISTORY,

FROM THE CREATION TO THE CONCLUSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY.

1. From the Creation to the Death of Jacob.
2. The History of Joseph and his Brethren.
3. The Life of Moses, and the Journey of the Israelites from Egypt to the Promised Land.

4. From the time of Joshua and the Judges to the Death of Solomon.
5. From the Division of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah to the Babylonish Captivity.
6. The Gospel History of Jesus Christ.
7. The Acts of the Apostles.

Either of the above may be had **DISSECTED**, in a Mahogany Box, Price 7s.

PRINTS AND MAPS IN SHEETS AND DISSECTED.

**A GEOGRAPHICAL PANORAMA,
ILLUSTRATING SCENERY AND COSTUMES IN DIFFERENT
PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

In a Mahogany Box, beautifully Coloured and Mounted. Price £2. 12s. 6d.

On a Sheet, with an Explanatory Card, price 2s.

**ENGRAVED GEOMETRICAL FIGURES.
DESIGNED FOR THE EXERCISE OF A CLASS IN ITS FIRST
STEP IN GEOMETRY.**

*On a broad Sheet, Plain, 2s. ; Coloured, 3s. 6d. ; or Dissected in a Box,
10s. 6d. Coloured,*

FORTY-EIGHT ENGRAVINGS

OF THE

PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

MAPS OF ENGLAND OR EUROPE.

*On a Sheet, 6d. ; Dissected, 3s. 6d. ; Ditto, large size on a Sheet, 2s. ;
Dissected, 10s. 6d.*

MAPS OF THE WORLD

*On a Sheet, 6d. ; Dissected, 5s. ; Ditto, large size, 2s. 6d. on a Sheet;
10s. 6d. Dissected.*

INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD.

On a Sheet, price 6d. ; Dissected, 3s. 6d.

INFANT'S MISCELLANY.

On a Sheet, price 6d.; Dissected, 3s. 6d.

THE INFANT'S ALPHABET.

On a Sheet, price 6d.; Dissected, 3s. 6d.

INSTRUCTIVE GAMES

IN

GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, &c.

**BETT'S INTERROGATORY GAMES
OF HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, USEFUL KNOWLEDGE,
&c. &c.**

Seven sorts, price 6s. 6d. each, in a White Wood Box.

**BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND GEO-
GRAPHICAL CARDS.**

BY MRS. DARVALL.

Price 2s. 6d.

By the same Author.

GEOGRAPHICAL CARDS, EUROPE.

Price 2s. 6d.

**SCRIPTURE CARDS;
CONTAINING PROMISCUOUS QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE,
WITH A KEY.**

In Case, price 2s. 6d.

